THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Professor Harry Thurston Peck has withdrawn from his editorial connection with the literary encyclopædia to be published by Messrs. J. A. Hill and Company of this city. Professor Peck has just completed his elaborate *Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities*, upon which he has been steadily at work for five years, and which will issue this month from the press of the Messrs. Harper. From his pen, also, Messrs. Henry Holt and Company announce for publication in the near future a new history of Latin literature. A novel feature of this work will be its inclusion of the mediæval and modern Latin, and its treatment of the whole subject by comparative methods, each great production of Roman genius being regarded in its relation to the modern works of genius inspired or suggested by it.

❀

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has disposed of the serial rights of his new novel, *Captain Courageous*, for the sum of $12,000. On the sale of the work in book form he will receive a handsome royalty, with a payment in advance of $15,000 on account. Thus before a single line of the novel is in type, he secures the neat little sum of $27,000. And yet wonder is frequently expressed that in these days nearly every one tries his hand at literature!

❀

Arrangements have been completed for the issue in America by the Messrs. Scribner of a complete uniform edition of all Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works. It is anticipated that the edition will consist of eleven volumes, and that Mr. Lockwood Kipling will design a frontispiece for each volume.

So many conflicting accounts of the prison life of Oscar Wilde and of his condition have been published, that we feel bound to set forth a statement of the actual facts, our informant being an English official whose position has made him personally cognisant of them. From this source we learn that Mr. Wilde's physical state is very distressing. He is unable to assimilate food; and an enteric disorder which has become chronic has reduced him to a condition of great weakness. He is governed by the silent system, and this is rigidly enforced, so much so that he has several times been punished for half involuntarily turning his head in chapel to get a glimpse of the person seated beside him. We were inquisitive enough to ask the nature of his punishment on these occasions, and were told that it consisted in having his "rug" taken from him. The rug in question is a strip of rag-carpet which serves as a substitute for a mattress, being spread upon the surface of a deal door which is his only bed; so that, when under punishment, he sleeps upon the bare planks. The gentleman who made these statements is persuaded that Wilde will lose either his life or his reason as the result of his imprisonment; but he probably underrates the extent of human endurance. The sentence, under the English system of commutation, has only some six months more to run, and it is generally understood that at its expiration Mrs. Wilde will rejoin her husband. As she has in her own right a settled income of £800 a year, they will probably make their future home in some obscure Continental town.

❀

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who seems

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to have made her permanent home in England, has lately been airing a rather startling theory in an English review. Mrs. Atherton begins by stating with considerable precision her opinion that American men are wholly given up to "money-greed and lust," while American women embody all that is spiritual and good. On the other hand, English women are even worse than American men, while English men are pure, noble, and magnificent. What, then, asks Mrs. Atherton, will be the inevitable result of this state of things? Why, simply that by a process of natural selection English men will marry only American women, and American women will marry only English men. Then will gradually be evolved a New Race that shall be a Regenerating Force. This is a beautiful thought; but an awful foreboding haunts us as we ponder Mrs. Atherton's philosophy. May it not come to pass that the depraved American men, having no one else to mate with, will turn to the equally depraved and equally desolate English women, and seek them out in marriage, and that there will then arise another New Race that shall be a Holy Terror? We beg that Mrs. Atherton will duly consider this fearful corollary to her original proposition. It is a parlous thing to monkey with ethnic sociology.

❀

When the review of *King Noanett* was written for the September BOOKMAN, no other review of the book had yet appeared. Since then, however, the press all over the country has extended a very generous and, on the whole, a just tribute to the fine qualities of the book. One New York newspaper commented on the review which appeared in these pages, in an editorial which had for its caption "A Plea for Romance;" and Professor Barrett Wendell, who rarely volunteers a lengthy criticism of any book, contributed nearly two columns to the Boston *Evening Transcript* of September 2d. Some of Professor Wendell's sentences are worth quoting, when we remember what Sainte-Beuve has called the classic heritance—the tradition of beauty.

"Very surely whatever else a book may be, it is marked in conception and in execution alike by a trait which without reserve one may name beauty. When any work of art possesses this quality one grows more and more to feel that the task of a critic becomes simplified. So that whenever a work of art, whatever its kind, really seems to you beautiful, your business is not to point out wherein you might wish it different, but rather to set forth in all gratitude why you find it something which goes to make life more pleasant. . . .

"In a romance, in a tale of things not as they were but as they might have been, the first quality of style as of conception should be sustained beauty—in a word, the style of such a book ought to be lyric. It should have a subtle euphony and rhythm which should add to its mere meaning something of the quality which is inherent not only in poetry, but in music; some such quality as this pervades *King Noanett*. . . In substance and in style alike, then, we may welcome *King Noanett* as a thing of beauty. One may confidently believe that whatever its popular future, it is a book which may always give the finer kind of pleasure to those who will surrender themselves to its spirit."

❀

King Noanett has made a splendid start. A first edition of five thousand copies was printed, and already within the month more than half this number has been sold. When we remember that the buying season has not yet begun, it will be seen that this is doing remarkably well.

❀

A librarian in Cranford, N. J., observed a mother and daughter looking over the library catalogue the other day, when the daughter exclaimed, "Oh, there is *Cranford* by Mrs. Gaskell. I should like to read that." "Oh, don't take that," interrupted the mother. "It's nothing but figures and things about the town." The librarian adds that, in justice to "our town," they were visitors from New York.

❀

A collection of Mr. Zangwill's "Without Prejudice," which appears monthly in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, will shortly be issued in book form by the Century Company.

❀

Mr. Stanley Weyman's new novel, *Shrewsbury*, will be published in the *Idler* next year.

❀

Messrs. George H. Richmond and Company have in the press a translation done by Mr. Arthur Hornblow of Gabriele D'Annunzio's masterpiece, entitled *The Triumph of Death*.

❀

Mr. Gelett Burgess has written us meeting the charge of plagiarism which is likely to be brought against him for the "Quatrain" which appeared over

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his name in the September BOOKMAN. The lines appear in several places in the writings of Epictetus, who refers to them as "that maxim of Cleanthes," and they were given to us by an intimate friend of Mr. Burgess, who copied them from one of his letters, deeming them to be his own composition. We take this occasion of exonerating Mr. Burgess from any responsibility in the matter, and regret that our reliance on his friend's authority should have innocently deceived us and caused him a momentary annoyance.

"LO, HERE THE GENTLE LARK, WEARY OF REST!"
—*Venus and Adonis.*

(From the "Lark.")

❀

A glance at the physiognomy of the portrait on page 9 of the September BOOKMAN will serve to identify the "gentle Lark" in the above cartoon taken from the latest number of the *Lark*. Apropos of the quotation from Shakespeare which forms the legend, we may cap it with another from *Cymbeline*, which fits the Western songster, and says for him what modesty forbids himself saying:

"Our Cage
We make our choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely."

It were a pity if so excellent an historical novel, in a translation so good as to be as much of a rarity, too, as *The Reds of the Midi*, were allowed to fall flat. A review of this remarkable work appeared in our June number, together with a portrait of its distinguished Provençal author, Félix Gras. It has recently been published in England by Mr. William Heinemann, and already has succeeded in attracting attention from the press. One literary contemporary says "it is literature—which not one such story in a thousand contrives to be." It relates the recollections of a rude, untaught peasant boy who marched with the battalion, who had no theories, but sang the *Marseillaise* with greater faith than he had ever sung a litany. No philosophy of any sort blurs what he actually saw. His story is a peasant's story, and told to peasants.

❀

It is expected that Mr. Barrie's book on his mother, *Marget Ogilvy*, will be published in London and New York on December 10th. Mr. Barrie has waived his choice of title, announced as the

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"Marget Ogilvy" edition, for the complete edition of his works, and has favoured that selected by his publishers, namely, the "Thistle" edition. As this would suggest, the edition is to be uniform with the Thistle Stevenson, which Mr. Barrie admires very much.

❀

It sometimes happens that in a review we learn more of the reviewer than we do of the author being reviewed. This was brought to our mind the other day on coming across a notice by Mr. J. M. Barrie of Mr. W. E. Henley's *Views and Reviews* in an old periodical some half dozen years ago. Some extracts which we give below afford us a glimpse of Mr. Barrie's literary preferences. Mr. Barrie, we may say to begin with, thinks that Mr. Henley's essay on George Meredith, although incomplete, is by far the best thing in the book, and to his mind the truest analysis of the great novelist that he has read: "unless," he says, "his own paper on the Comic Art be weighed against it." He goes on:

"Dickens, however, is Mr. Henley's hero, and (forgetting *Evan Harrington*, surely) he maintains that in his Dickensy moments Mr. Meredith is unsuccessful. He gives Mr. Lang a talking to also for revelling in Dickens's humour, but skipping his melodrama, though to our mind Mr. Lang is all right about Dickens and Mr. Henley is all wrong. But with Mr. Lang (and in defiance of Mr. Henley) we remain 'Thackeray men.' George Eliot could never read Disraeli's novels (and we are with her), and Disraeli could never read *Romola* (and we are with him too). Evidently Mr. Henley delights in Disraeli, but what he thinks of the other novelist cannot be gathered, for he only tells us that some glory in George Eliot, but some cannot endure her. But at least he would not agree with us that *Silas Marner* is worth a hundred *Coningsbys*. Many of his favourites are ours, however, and he writes of them as few could write. His Dumas is sparkling with good things, and so are his Congreve and his Tolstoy. In his remarks about Mr. Austin Dobson he very justly dwells on that poet's exquisite use of verbs and avoidance of adjectives, and it may be said that this book has the same uncommon merits."

❀

Mr. Gilbert Parker is expected shortly in New York to superintend the production of the dramatised version of his successful novel, *The Seats of the Mighty*. Mr. Barrie is also expected in time to see his *Little Minister* put upon the stage.

❀

We have had several inquiries from correspondents regarding the books of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, or "Q," and in answer to these requests we append a list of Mr. Quiller-Couch's titles, stating when and where published. These books may be readily acquired through any reputable bookseller.

Dead Man's Rock. London, 1887.
The Astonishing History of Troy Town. London, 1888.
The Warwickshire Avon. London and New York, 1891.
The Blue Pavilions. London and New York, 1891.
Noughts and Crosses. London and New York, 1892.
I Saw Three Ships. London and New York, 1892.
The Delectable Duchy. London and New York, 1893.
Green Bays: Verses and Parodies. London, 1893.
The Golden Pomp: A Procession of English Lyrics from Surrey to Shirley. London and New York, 1895.
Ia: A Love Story. London and New York, 1895.
Wandering Heath. London and New York, 1896.
Adventures in Criticism. London and New York, 1896.

❀

Readers of Brontë literature will find some interesting letters in the biography of Lockhart by Mr. Andrew Lang, to be published shortly by the Scribners. Lockhart was an enthusiastic admirer of *Jane Eyre*, and gave it the highest rank among the fiction of the time. Although he inserted Lady Eastlake's article in the *Quarterly Review*, he differed entirely from his critic's literary estimate of the work, but he seems to have shared her opinion of its outspokenness.

❀

People who are familiar with France know that all of the Parisian and a number of the provincial colleges, or lycées, are named after distinguished men and women; thus the Lycées Corneille and Jeanne d'Arc in Rouen, the Lycée Augustin Thierry at Blois, etc. According to this custom, a few years ago a new Parisian lycée received the name of Lycée Voltaire. Strangely enough, the name of the great man of letters, who held literary culture of far more value than a purely practical and utilitarian education, was given to a lycée of Enseignement Moderne, where no classical languages were to be taught. The Department of Public Instruction seems to have awakened to the fact that this was at best a doubtful honour paid to the memory of this famous Frenchman; and now it is announced that classical sections, where Latin and Greek will be taught, will be organised in the Lycée Voltaire at the opening of the new college year.

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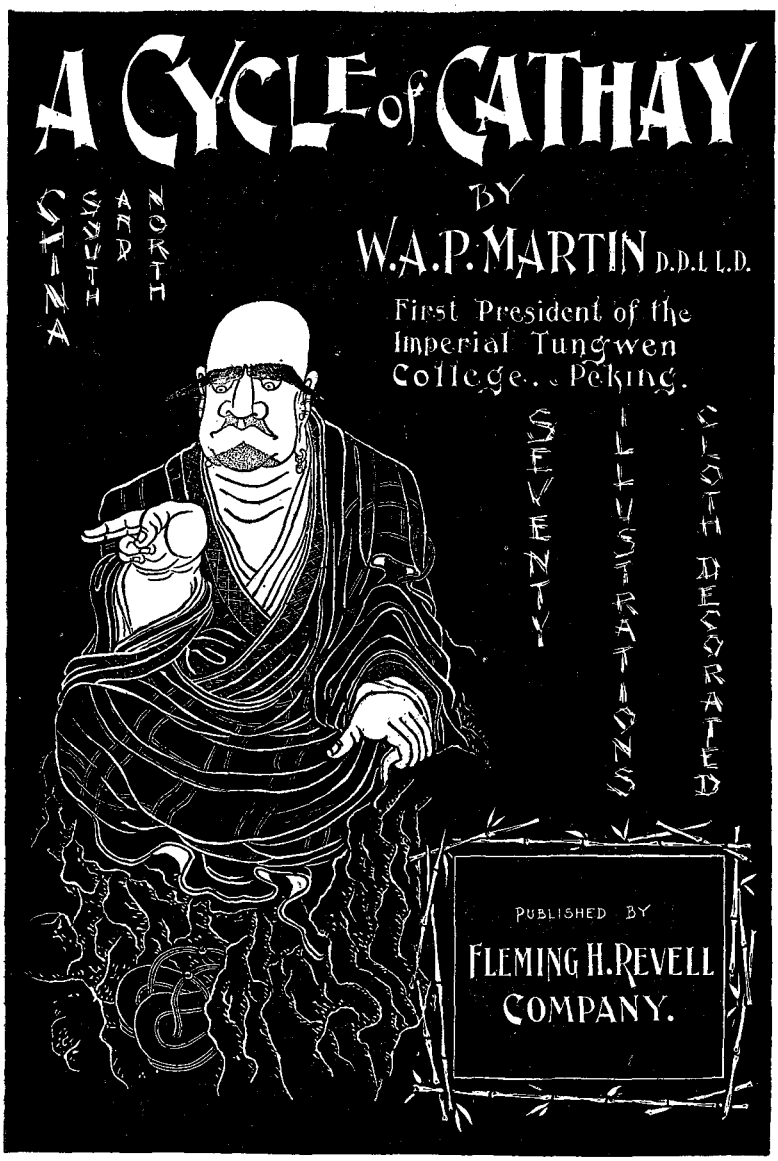

The accompanying fac-simile of a poster which advertises a new important book on China, *A Cycle of Cathay*, has an interesting and unique value. In its origin it may be said to be, so far as the figure is concerned, the oldest in existence. The figure is the reproduction of a "rubbing" from the tomb of Rahula, son of Buddha, and is, therefore, over two thousand years old. Such rubbings from ancient tombs were common at a very early age of the world's history, the rubbing being produced by laying paper on the inked surface of an engraved tomb. Long before the Christian era there were in China libraries of stone books, of which exact reproductions were occasionally made. It was not long before the stone books were engraved in relief for the express purpose of reproduction on paper, and finally the engraving was done on cubes of brass, a single character on each. Here was true movable type, many hundred years before the time of Gutenberg; and it is not difficult to believe that the putative father of the art of printing may have obtained his great idea directly from the

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Chinese through Marco Polo and others who had visited the Far East. Dr. W. A. P. Martin, the author of *A Cycle of Cathay*, was the first president of the Tungwen Kwan (the College of Foreign Knowledge) at Peking, a Chinese Government institution for training the Chinese youth. He held this position for twenty-six years. Previous to this he was a missionary and an attaché of the United States Legation.

❀

Mark Rutherford, the author of *Clara Hopgood*, which book was severely censured in Dr. Nicoll's London Letter in the July BOOKMAN, writes that "your correspondent's criticism mostly errs on the side of generosity, but I cannot help a protest against the charge of immorality brought against *Clara Hopgood*. The accusation is another proof that even in a country which calls the New Testament a sacred book and professes to read it, the distinction between real and sham morality is almost unknown."

❀

A correspondent calls our attention to a curious likeness existing between one of the most ingenious inventions in Mr. Stockton's *Adventures of Captain Horn* and a similar situation in George Sand's *Consuelo*. The mysterious lake which covered the treasure concealed in the cave, and the sudden disappearance of which causes so much wonder to the captain and his companions in *Captain Horn*, can be duplicated by the description of a lake in *Consuelo*, which by means of sluices and subterranean canals is readily emptied. Did Mr. Stockton ever read *Consuelo*, or is it another of those curious literary coincidences that cause us daily wonder?

❀

It is now widely known, since we disclosed the facts last December in THE BOOKMAN, that Du Maurier's most extensively circulated drawing is the one found on the label of Apollinaris water. A somewhat similar incident is related of Théophile Gautier. The author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* was invited once to visit the library of a celebrated bibliophile, Monsieur de L., one of his most enthusiastic admirers. Monsieur de L. prided himself on having collected absolutely everything that his guest had published, and astonished him by showing him at least one copy of even the most insignificant of his writings. Nothing was small enough to escape his eye, or costly enough to have been beyond his means, or rare enough to have eluded his search. Still Théophile Gautier, while admiring the collection, failed at first to admit that it was absolutely complete. "There is one thing," he said, "which I am sure you do not possess." "What is it?" the host asked. "Well," the poet went on, "years ago, when I was young and often in need of money, I once wrote a prospectus for a *Société Œnophile*" (a kind of wine syndicate), "and I am sure you do not possess *that*." One may well imagine his surprise when a drawer was opened, in which he saw, not one, but a large number of copies of the prospectus. Of course he wanted to know how such a bibliophile as Monsieur de L. happened to have in his collection such a supply of wine trade circulars; and the story told him was no less singular than the fact itself of the possession of the circulars by Monsieur de L.

❀

Monsieur de L., in hunting for all that Gautier had written, had somehow or other discovered the existence of the wine prospectus, and for a long while vainly tried to get hold of a copy of the same. He had, to tell the truth, very little hope of succeeding. The concern had never been an important one. It had gone out of existence years before, and it was most unlikely that any one had preserved one of its circulars. Still, before he considered himself decidedly baffled in his search, Monsieur de L. put *in a trade paper* an advertisement requesting any holder of Gautier's *introuvable* production to communicate with him. It need hardly be said that Gautier's name was not mentioned in the advertisement. Monsieur de L.'s surprise in receiving an answer to his advertisement may well be imagined. He was informed that if he would communicate with a business firm, the name and address of which were given, his curiosity would be satisfied. He hastened to the place, and there found the load of circulars which he afterward had the satisfaction of showing to Gautier. It happened that the father of one of the members of the firm had, when the cir-

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cular was issued, seen his name on it in the list of directors. As he had not been consulted about it, he insisted that all the circulars on which his name appeared should be surrendered to him. The circulars had since been used as wrapping paper by his family, and all that remained so unused were then handed to Monsieur de L., who thus had, and still has, the gratification of having the only complete collection of "Gautierana."

❀

A gem was quite recently discovered on the play-bills of a small French provincial town. We give it here for the enjoyment of our readers :

VILLE DE CHAUMONT.

(*Par permission de M. le Maire.*)

CÉSAR BORGIA, OU LES CATACOMBES DE ROME.
GRAND DRAME HISTORIQUE, À (*sic*) CINQ ACTES, DE VICTOR HUGO.

Readers of Hugo need hardly be told that this is a spurious unless a newly discovered and hitherto unknown production. Hugo wrote a *Lucrèce Borgia*, which has nothing to do with the catacombs of Rome, and which is in three, not in five acts.

❀

Of all recent Scotch books, the best or at least the most promising is by a new writer, Miss Jane H. Findlater. *The Green Graves of Balgowrie* shows a maturity of power that rarely belongs to story-writers when they first seek the public suffrages. Although Miss Findlater has written for years for the pleasure of writing, which has always been instinctive with her and never a toil, this is her first published novel, in which the training of her pleasurable practice has borne good fruits. Neither the title nor the nationality of the author need scare away English readers for fear of the trial of Scotch dialect. Miss Findlater must not be classed among Mr. Barrie's followers. There is very little in her book that is distinctively Scotch, and the scene of it all might easily have been laid elsewhere. Perhaps a fair criticism of the book could be put into a single sentence : it very nearly attains a triumphant success, and just misses it. The conception is quite original ; the working out is free and unrestrained ; the writing is good and simple ; the style recalls Miss Thackeray's, but is

JANE H. FINDLATER.

less saccharine ; the faults are not structural. Her great danger is that this book may get a kind of success which it deserves, and that she may be encouraged to write in all directions for little libraries of fiction. If she does so, there will be an end of her and of her vein. If she is true to herself, and writes only when she has something to say, and publishes only when she has said it, she may step into the first rank. But who is there nowadays in the world of letters who can resist destiny ?

❀

Miss Findlater is the youngest daughter of the Rev. Eric Findlater, now deceased, who was a Free Church minister, as Ian Maclaren once was, of a remote village in Perthshire, Scotland. Her mother was the author of *Hymns from the Land of Luther* and of various translations from the German. A volume of *Sonnets and Songs*, by a sister of Miss Findlater, was published last year by David Nutt, of London, and was favourably received by the press. Along with her sisters, Miss Findlater was educated at home, and lived at

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Lochearnhead until her father's death, when the family removed to Prestonpans, an east coast village ten miles from Edinburgh, where she still resides.

❀

We note in a dispassionate way, and merely as an item of current literary news, that *Harper's Weekly* is becoming decidedly amateurish in tone. Some new hand is evidently fingering the keyboard.

❀

A few months ago Mr. Arthur Waugh, in his London letter to the *Critic*, contradicted the statement that Hall Caine, Mr. Crockett, and Ian Maclaren each contemplated writing a *Life of Christ*. Observing that Mr. Andrew Lang, in the *Illustrated London News*, now makes the same statement, we may as well say, on the best authority, that they are both wrong. The facts are as they have been stated. Those by Ian Maclaren and Mr. Crockett will, we understand, see the light first in serial form, and at no very distant date. The *Life* which is being written by Hall Caine may be looked for within two years. Mr. Hall Caine has long been engaged on this *Life*, which is expected to be a remarkable production. He has always appeared reluctant to talk about the book lying unprinted in his desk; but something of the author's intentions may be gathered from what he said to an interviewer nearly three years ago. "I have written a book," he said, "that will contain, in my own judgment—if that is worth anything—the best literary work I have ever done. The subject has mastered and moved me more than any other, and some of the passages dealing with the chief events—Gethsemane, the Crucifixion, etc.—are, in my judgment, ahead of anything else of mine."

❀

The reason for the long postponement of Mr. Hall Caine's *Life of Christ* is to some extent explained when he says, "I have no intention of publishing the book until I can make a long stay in Palestine, and then very likely I shall write it all over again. I have long hungered for this subject, having felt that although the *Life of Christ* has been written by great scholars, it has never—except once, by Renan, and then adversely—been written from the imaginative point of view, looking at the question as you would look at a great imaginative conception. The *Life* has been written from the point of fact, not from the point of imaginative insight. It is a very daring thing to attempt, but that is the direction in which I wish to go. It is beset with dangers—the danger of going over the lines of clear record, for instance, and for that reason I am in no hurry to print the book."

❀

Miss Katharine Pearson Woods's long-promised novel dealing with the times of Christ and entitled *John: a Tale of King Messiah*, has at last been successfully launched. It may be well to repeat what we have already said, that the volume is the first of a trilogy which will form a study of the social message of Christianity to the first century, and that the author has been engaged on the work during the last seven years. She has had to work under great difficulties and discouragements; every one has told her that the character of Christ is outside the realm of fiction, and cannot be done in a novel; but we feel certain that Miss Woods's strong story will ensure her a wide public. The book has nothing in common with such stories as *Emmanuel*, *Come Forth*, *Titus*, and others of that ilk, but has been kept altogether on a different level. Miss Woods has told the writer how the story came to be written.

❀

"In January of 1890 Father Huntington, of New York, suggested to me the idea of a sociological study of the first century, with a parallel story of reform work at the present day. I adopted it at once, at least so far as the first half was concerned, and determined to locate my characters at Ephesus in the last years of the life of St. John. I talked to Mr. Henry M. Alden, the editor of *Harper's Monthly*, about it when in New York in September of that year, but did not speak of it to any one else until I wrote to you about it in the fall of 1894. Meanwhile it had become rooted in my mind that the story of John's early years must be told. I started out with the popular idea that 'Christ was the first socialist,' but a close study of the Gospels and a deeper experience of life developed so strong an opposite convic

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tion, that I felt it ought to be set forth. I found that the Jew, had the Roman dominion been cast aside, would have had the economic freedom which reformers are now contending for, and I was forced to see that 'the kingdom of God is not eating and drinking,' or even national control of natural monopolies, or any form of collectivism, except as the expression and development of love to God and one's brother. I knew all the artistic difficulties of an adequate presentation of the subject, and in particular the technical impossibility as it seemed at first of introducing the character of Christ as a principal actor. By the time I began the book it had ceased to be a question of possibility, 'necessity was laid upon me,' and the book wrote itself. The great world-tragedy took hold of me, and from that moment I was in the grasp of something stronger than I."

MISS CROCKETT, ONE OF THE "SWEETHEART TRAVELLERS"

❀

Miss Woods was directed to the special method of treatment adopted in *John* by the following incident. She says: "When I came to consider the technical difficulties involved in a novel which should include the character of Christ, I remembered an engraving which I used to see often during my early girlhood called 'The First Good Friday,' from the famous picture by Paul Delaroche. It represents the window of a house in Jerusalem through which Mary, the mother of Jesus, and some of the disciples are watching the procession on its way to Golgotha. You see nothing outside the window except through their eyes, but for that very reason you see everything. Now almost every chapter in the book is just such a window. The Christ is shown nearly always through the medium of another personality." We shall be very much surprised if Miss Woods's novel does not attract wide attention.

❀

There were many inquiries last Christmas for a book of Mr. Crockett's entitled *Sweetheart Travellers*, which was published in England at that time, but for some reason then unknown did not appear on this side. The book was copyrighted, it seems, by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, but it arrived too late in the season to enable the publishers to put it profitably on the market. *Sweetheart Travellers*, which is now published here, is designated by the author as "a child's book for children, for women, and for men," and is for the most part a picturesque account of a

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cycling trip made by Mr. Crockett and his little daughter. It is full of the tender pathos and indescribable charm which characterise Mr. Crockett's work when in the company of children. We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers a portrait of Miss Crockett, one of the "sweetheart travellers."

❀

Miss Montrésor's novel, *Into the Highways and Hedges*, is now in its eighth edition in England. A first edition of five thousand copies of her *False Coin or True*, recently published here by the Messrs. Appleton, has been prepared by the English publisher to meet the expected demand.

❀

An important book of musical and literary reminiscences entitled *My Long Life*, by Mary Cowden Clarke, one of the daughters of Vincent Novello, who was the first to issue cheap editions of the oratorios of Handel, and who bought the *Songs Without Words* at a sum which would stagger the Authors' Society, will be published immediately. Among her special friends were Gounod, who made a confession to her that his art at moments of inspiration was like the joy of first love; Charles Dickens, whom she seems to have pleased by her acting as an amateur; and, of course, nearly all the great singers and composers who came in contact with her father's firm. She resides now in Genoa, where her brother, the late head of the Novello firm, recently died. The book is exceedingly interesting, and is illustrated with portraits.

❀

A literary event of no small magnitude is the severance of Jules Lemaître's connection with the *Journal des Débats*, where his dramatic *feuilleton* had been for years the great attraction of the Monday number. His successor in the journal of the Rue des Prêtres is Emile Faguet, who is also the French literary critic of *Cosmopolis*. It is usually admitted that the readers of the *Débats* are greatly the losers by the change. But the *Débats'* loss is the *Revue des deux Mondes'* gain, as it will twelve times in the year publish a dramatic review of the month by Jules Lemaître, whose entrance in the *Revue des deux Mondes* under the editorship of Ferdinand Brunetière shows great breadth of mind on the part of the latter. As literary critics he and Lemaître are as wide apart as it is well possible to be; and Lemaître has in the past years more than once referred to his somewhat pompous colleague in decidedly caustic terms. But he is forgiven now. The wounds he has inflicted are not as hard to forget as those that came from Sarcey, who years ago referred to the then young and struggling Brunetière, after the publication in the *Revue*, over his yet unknown signature, of a severe article on some contemporary novelists, as *un Brunetière quelconque*. It has been noticed more than once that the present editor of the *Revue* never mentions, either in writing or in conversation, the name of the dramatic critic of the *Temps*. By the way, it may be here stated that Sarcey is likely to be the last, as he was the first, "lundiste" of the *Temps*. After Sarcey ceases to write the great Paris evening paper will do away with its Monday, or, rather, Sunday afternoon, dramatic review, and will substitute for it daily articles written immediately after the performances. So much the worse for dramatic criticism in France.

❀

The New Amsterdam Book Company announces a volume of short stories by a new writer, whose name, "George de Vallière," is a *nom de guerre*. The title, *Opals from a Mexican Mine*, gives a hint of the contents of the book. The character of the stories reflects the various virtues and portents of the opal stones, and lends heightened interest to the little tragedies and comedies of human life as it is found in Mexico. The same firm is preparing for the holidays a handsome gift book, to consist of *Love Songs of France*, being translations from the originals of Baudelaire, De Musset, Hugo, Chénier, Gautier, and others.

❀

About ten years before his death the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton began to write an autobiography, which he brought down to his twenty-fifth year, the year of his marriage. This autobiography (1834–59), together with a memoir by his wife (1859–94), which takes up the story of his life where he left off, will be published at the end of October by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. The book will contain a new portrait of the famous artist and author; and many letters of interest from Browning, G. F. Watts, Robert Louis Stevenson, and

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others will be published in the memoir for the first time.

❀

M. Zola's *Rome* is rather satirised by a Belgian journal as "Baedeker beaten up with Mommsen, a fricassee of Winckelmann and Lamenais, Father Curi mixed in with Rohr, and Tolstoy interlarded with Joseph de Maistre."

❀

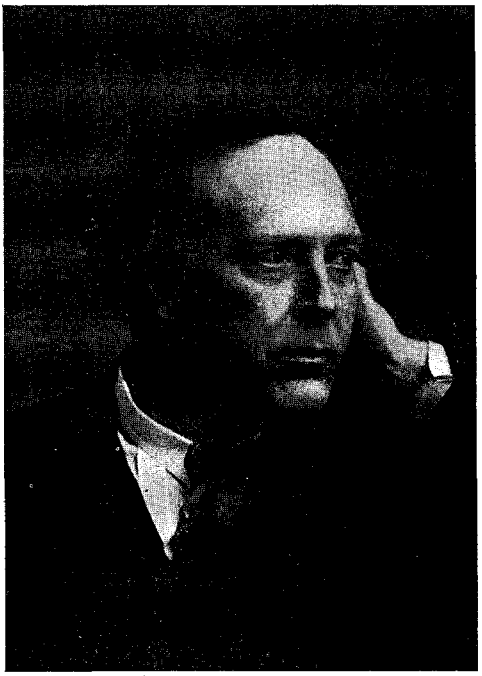
Miss Emma Wolf of San Francisco, has in the press a new novel entitled *The Joy of Life*. Those who read her *Other Things being Equal*, which appeared four years ago, will cherish a pleasant remembrance of this author's work. Her new book, like her previous one, will be published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company.

❀

It is well known that paper bound books issued in a respectable form at twenty-five and fifty cents have always been very popular in America, and in compliance with an increased demand received from booksellers throughout the country, Messrs. Copeland and Day have just issued a paper edition of Miss Alice Brown's stories of New England life, entitled *Meadow-Grass*, which is now in its seventh thousand. It is a fifty-cent edition bound in green paper cover and with green edges, which gives it a rather *bizarre* appearance. This edition will undoubtedly extend the sale of Miss Brown's very beautiful work, which has already enjoyed a large popularity.

❀

A new book by Mr. Stopford Brooke has become a literary event of importance. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just issued his latest work, entitled *The Old Testament and Modern Life*, and the Macmillan Company have reissued a new edition thoroughly revised and rewritten of his *Primer of English Literature*, which originally appeared in 1876. In the scanty space allotted to him in this *Primer*, Mr. Brooke supplied a long-existing want in a wonderfully small compass and in a manner which has never been surpassed, and it was a happy idea to rewrite this standard work and bring it more nearly to date. The Rev. Stopford Augustus Brooke was born in Dublin in 1832, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His clerical career in the Church of England



REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

ended in 1880, when he had ceased to believe that miracles were credible, and since then he has officiated as a Unitarian minister at Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury. As an author he has contributed to literature the *Life and Letters of the late Frederick W. Robinson; Theology in the English Poets;* four volumes of sermons; *The Early Life of Jesus;* a volume of poems; a *History of English Poetry*, and perhaps his most important work, a study of Tennyson, published in this country by the Putnams in 1894. Mr. Brooke's well known enthusiasm for Browning will doubtless result before long in his writing a companion volume to this last-mentioned work. Mr. Brooke is essentially a literary artist, and his criticisms on painting are known to be as remarkable as his criticisms on literature. But his artistic talents do not stop there. He has never had lessons in painting or drawing, yet some of the sketches he has done are little gems. None of them show any crudity of execution, and all of them are full of artistic feeling. It is quite annoying and disheartening to the ordinary amateur, who has spent years in acquiring a certain amount of skill, to hear that such things are possible.

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Yours very truly Anthony Hope Hawkins

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Mr. George W. Cable in a recent number of the *Atlantic* says, "I will venture this as an axiom, if I never venture a second time, that the true story-teller is always a good lover." We once heard a lady say, that after reading Mr. Anthony Hope's stories, she could not but think of the author as an ideal lover. This is perhaps identifying the personality of an author too literally with his work; but there is no doubt that Mr. Cable's axiom would hold true in Mr. Hope's case. The Zenda stories which have delighted so many readers in *McClure's Magazine* have just been published by the Messrs. Stokes under the title *The Heart of Princess Osra*, which includes two new chapters not published in the serial form. His *Phroso*, which is concluded in the current number of *McClure's*, will be published by the same firm, but not until the beginning of next year. In both books Mr. Hope is, over and above all his other genial qualities, pre eminently a lover, and, if we mistake not, that is where the chief attraction of his work lies. The new portrait of Mr. Hope herewith given has been reproduced from a copyrighted photograph.

❀

In connection with Madelene Yale Wynne's psychological story, "The Little Room," which gives the title to a volume of short stories published by her last Christmas, a correspondent calls our attention to the following passage in a letter of Longfellow's, published in the *Life* by Samuel Longfellow, and dated from Göttingen, March 28th, 1829:

"Since I left America I have hardly put two lines together, . . . and no soft poetic ray has irradiated my heart since the Goths and Vandals crossed the Rubicon of the front entry, and turned the sanctum sanctorum of the 'Little Room' into a china closet."

The allusion to the "Little Room" in Longfellow's letter, written so long ago, naturally piques the curiosity of our correspondent and provokes the query: "Is there an old tradition about the 'Little Room' to which Longfellow refers, and to which Miss Wynne is indebted for the germ of her story?"

❀

Mr. James Payn, in his *Literary Recol-*

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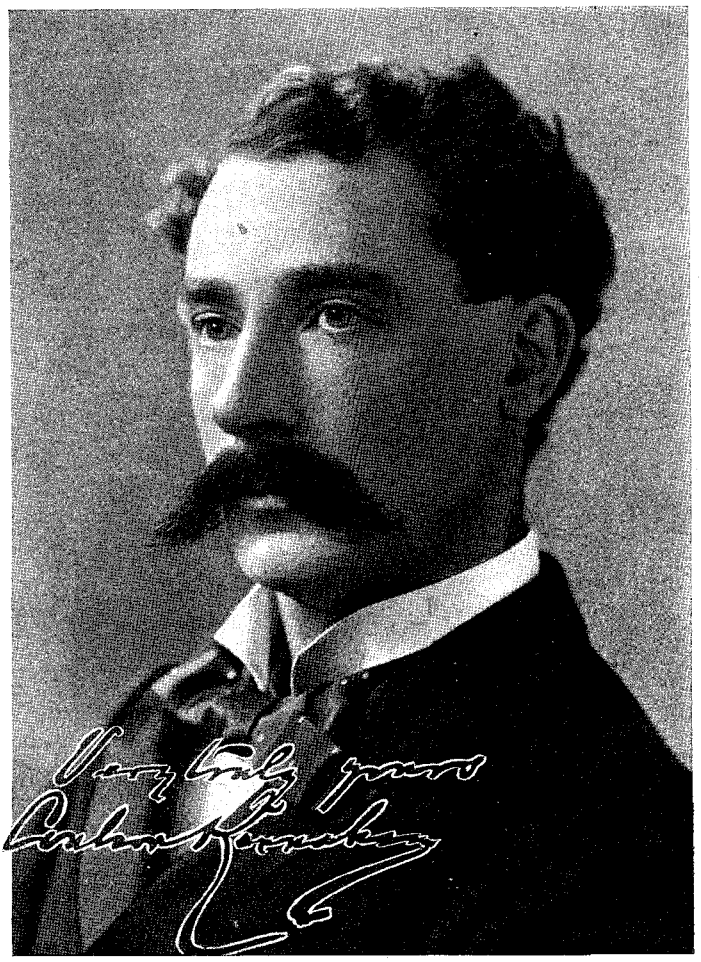
lections, gives expression to the following statement: "My experience of men of letters is that for kindness of heart they have no equal. I contrast their behaviour to the young and struggling with the harshness of the lawyer, the hardness of the man of business, the contempt of the man of the world, and am proud to belong to their calling." Mr. Payn wrote thus after an experience as wide and varied as that perhaps of any living man. In the first or second issue of Jerome K. Jerome's paper, *To-day*, an article appeared on Mr. Coulson Kernahan's *Book of Strange Sins*, and in that article it was stated that but few literary men were personally as popular among his brother writers as the author of this remarkable book. It is said by those who know Mr. Kernahan that a truer or more brotherly man it would be difficult to find. Overwhelmed with work as he has been in his capacity of literary adviser to one of the largest publishing houses in London, as well as a contributor to several of the literary papers, he is never too busy to do a kind deed or lend a helping hand to any of his struggling *confrères*.



COULSON KERNAHAN.

❀

Mr. Kernahan is a member of a now famous trio. Years ago Mr. F. W. Robinson, the noted novelist, edited a paper which he called *Home Chimes*. On the lookout for genius, he numbered among his picked contributors the names of three men who are still young, but whose works are known far and wide. Mr. J. M. Barrie gave much of his earlier work to this paper. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome was represented by articles which have since made him famous, while Mr. Kernahan contributed a part of *A Dead Man's Diary*. *A Dead Man's Diary* and *A Book of Strange Sins* obtained for Mr. Kernahan at once an enviable position in the world of letters. Other books of his are *Sorrow and Song*, *Lyra Elegantarum*, the latter in collaboration with the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, and *God and the Ant*. Perhaps we can best characterise his peculiar vein by saying that he is a student of men's souls, and that in all his work he has sought to lay bare the secret motives of life and to describe the innermost recesses of the human heart. The tone of his work is healthy and vigorous; moreover, there is a singular beauty and charm in all he writes, for not only is he a master of style, he is also a poet; and the prophecy has

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been ventured that in years to come he will be known as "the poet-novelist."

❀

One would never suspect the tall, broad-shouldered and military-looking man, with his boyish impulsiveness and optimistic sympathy, to be the author of that weird story, *A Dead Man's Diary*, and the work which followed it, *A Book of Strange Sins*, which, however, is not so lugubrious as its title would suggest. *Captain Shannon*, his latest story, which has just been published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, is a new departure for him in fiction. He has been asked why he struck out in such a new line, so opposed in plot and character to the calm, judicial conception of *God and the Ant*. In answer to this, he says: "I hope my literary ideals have not been entirely submerged in the interest of *Captain Shannon*. I have tried to portray truthfully the mighty underground movements which exist in our great cities. The story is not merely an effort at exciting fiction; it is based on my personal investigation of socialistic life in centres like Paris, Geneva, Brussels, and the East End of London. Any worker in political or social schemes will recognise the plausibility of the plot. What I claim for 'Captain Shannon' is the possibility of such a fellow's clever evasion of the law. My story is intended to awaken attention to a state of affairs of which few people have any conception. There have been in the last ten years plenty of facts brought up, thereby substantiating incidents in the career of 'Captain Shannon.'" The curious thing about *Captain Shannon* is that it is a story without a woman, and yet it is full of thrilling situations.

❀

A friend of Miss Tarbell, Miss Kate Stephens, furnishes the explanation we asked for in our last number regarding Miss Tarbell's reference to Macaulay's history in a letter written by Madame Roland to Bancal about 1790. Miss Stephens writes:

"Catharine Sawbridge Macaulay I first met in Mary Wollstonecraft's book, where she gets high praise, as she does also from some later writers. She died, I believe, a little before Madame Roland, who was emulous of her, but not before she had had years of laudation for her *History of England*. She was a vigorous soul, with acumen and largeness of mind, and it is a pity we do not know more good things of her. She is one of the unappreciated."

Undoubtedly the author of the Macaulay's history referred to is Mrs. Catharine Sawbridge Macaulay. It is pertinent, however, to ask Miss Tarbell the reason of her failure to identify this rather obscure historian by not speaking of the book as "Mrs." Macaulay's history. Indeed, the failure to do this implies a certain disrespect to her own sex. One does not speak of "Stowe's *Uncle Tom*," "Ward's *Marcella*," or "Burnett's *A Lady of Quality*."

❀

The resurrection by our question of this "new woman" of the last century brings out some curious comments upon her. The *Universal Cyclopædia* of Abraham Rees, which was produced, so the title page states, "with the assistance of eminent professional gentlemen" (the issue consulted bearing the date of 1819), says of Mrs. Macaulay: "While in the height of her fame she excited the admiration of Dr. Wilson, the rector of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, who conferred on her the unprecedented honour of placing her statue, while living, in the chancel of his church, which his successor thought himself justified in removing." Perhaps the reason of the successor's "justification" may be found in this comment on the history, also from Rees: "It was read with great avidity at the period of its publication, but has since fallen into so much disrepute as scarcely ever to be inquired for." It may be added that the authorities differ as to the spelling of Mrs. Macaulay's name, some of them putting an "e" in place of the "a" in the last syllable. Most of them, however, follow Miss Tarbell's spelling, which, since it corresponds with Lord Macaulay's name, seems all the more to require identification. Mrs. Macaulay, by the way, was a friend of Dr. Johnson and a correspondent of Washington. Boswell mentions Dr. Johnson's contempt for her at least half a dozen times. If we remember rightly, she was the lady with some singular theories about the equality of man, theories which the doctor put to a blunt test by daring her to ask her footman to sit down to dinner with them. Horace Walpole often praises her work as the

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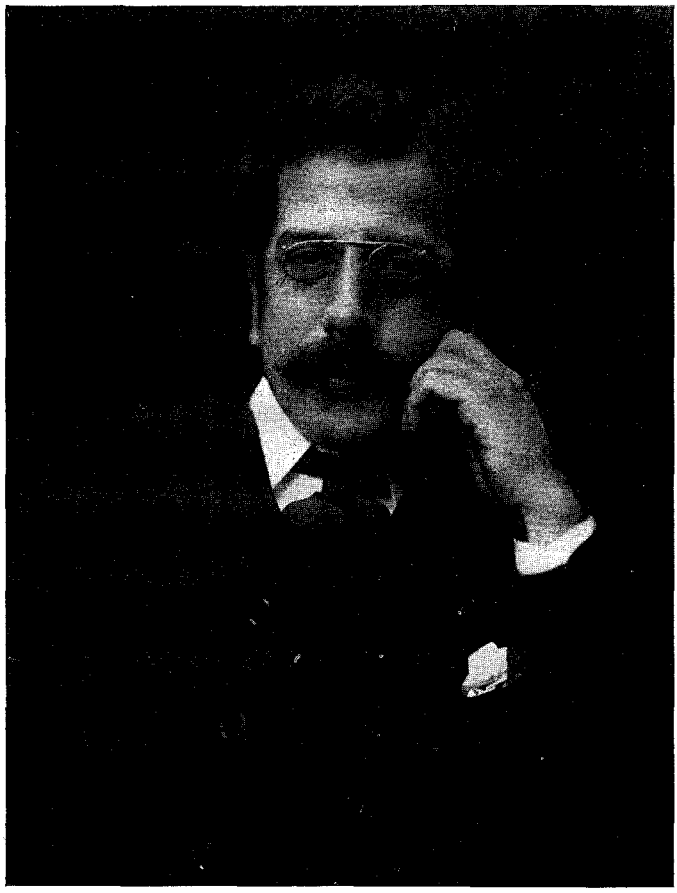
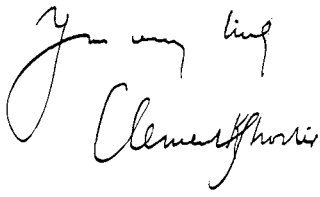
best history of England for the same reason that Dr. Johnson hated it, because it was strongly republican in tone. Her history covers the period from the accession of James I. to the accession of the Brunswick line, 1763–83, and was published in eight volumes, quarto.

❀

One of the very ablest and most acute editors in London is Mr. Clement King Shorter, of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, the *Album*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and—one is tempted to say—*et cetera*, for there is no end to Mr. Shorter's indefatigable labours. We remember some one saying to us once in London that if he were in a position to invest money in a periodical and had to choose an editor, he would trust Mr. Shorter sooner almost than any one else. He has all the qualifications, knowledge, sense, industry, and, above all, the power of judging what the public care for. "The first time I came across Mr. Shorter's name," says Dr. Robertson Nicoll (whose London Letter in the present number describes Mr. Shorter's forthcoming book, *The Brontës and their Circle*), "was on the title-page of a little Brontë volume in Mr. Walter Scott's Camelot Series. I opened the book without interest, not supposing I should find anything new. So much has been written about the Brontës that is ill-informed and stupid that I should have been content with very little. But I had not read far when I saw that Mr. Shorter knew what he was writing about, for he had gone into the subject thoroughly; that he had a fine gift of expression and a keen eye for points of true saliency. Some time afterward my





friend, the late Professor Minto, came to visit me, and the conversation turned on the *Star*, then recently established. Minto was a keen Democrat, and warmly approved of the *Star*; and said he, 'Do you know who writes the Literary Column? It is admirably done.' The Literary Column was Mr. Shorter's work, and was certainly one of the brightest and freshest in the London press."

❀

By and by Mr. Shorter got the opportunity of his life in connection with the *Illustrated London News*. The veteran editor, Mr. John Latey, died, and Sir

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William Ingram, to whose quick perception and genius for journalism the periodicals published under his auspices owe much of their success, offered the position to Mr. Shorter. It was a bold step, but the results have fully justified it. The *News* immediately became literary. Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Frederick Greenwood, two of the most brilliant, experienced, and cultured journalists of the day, appeared as regular contributors, and many other well-known names appeared in its pages. But to add eminent contributors and weighty articles is easy if you have the money. Mr. Shorter did more; he thoroughly preserved the vivacity and the popular interest of the paper—a paper which occupies a secure place as one of the leading journals of England. Not content with this success, Sir William Ingram and Mr. Shorter started the *Sketch*, which in a very short time became a great paper. There can be no question of the vivacity and spirit of the *Sketch*, and in England it is to be found everywhere; we are credibly informed that there is scarce a country house in England where it is not taken. The *Album* followed in a quieter way, and is evidently taking root. We do not think that Mr. Shorter has been so successful in his management of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. He has more than doubled the circulation, but Mr. Shorter has so strong a hankering after literature that he cannot bring himself to sacrifice it even for the sake of popularity, so that the magazine is neither strictly literary nor strictly popular.

❀

Like most people who accomplish anything, Mr. Shorter gives the impression of a man always at leisure. He is an omnivorous reader, and knows exactly what each of the young writers can do, but by preference he turns to the past, and he has already acquired one of the best private collections of first editions and autographs in London. He has successfully accomplished important work as editor of George Meredith, Henry Kingsley, and other writers, and the great literary undertaking upon which he has been engaged for many years will gain him a wider and a surer reputation. He has innumerable acquaintances and some friends, and his friends are staunch friends. He was married in July to Miss Dora Sigerson, the charming and accomplished young Dublin poet. Mr. and Mrs. Shorter have just returned from Switzerland.

❀

During his holiday trip through Switzerland, Mr. Shorter came to the conclusion, after a careful observation, that the author whose books were most in evidence in the Tauchnitz Library was undoubtedly "Ian Maclaren."

❀

Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, whose work we commended in these columns last month, and whose portrait was also given, is preparing a new edition of his poems, for which Mr. William Dean Howells has written an introduction. The little volume with which he made his *début* was privately printed, and his work will therefore now receive the imprint of a publisher for the first time. The volume will contain many poems not printed in the private edition, and the whole work will be carefully revised and edited. Of this privately printed edition, which numbered one thousand copies, we may say that although it was only issued last year, the whole edition has been taken up. Mr. William Dean Howells is not alone in his generous appreciation of the young negro poet's work; indeed, he has made quite a conquest among our men of letters. Among the warmest of his admirers is Mr. James Lane Allen, who called our attention to Mr. Dunbar's unpretentious little volume even before Mr. Howells had exploited it in *Harper's Weekly*. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will be Mr. Dunbar's publishers.

❀

Mr. Dunbar has been in New York during the last few weeks arranging with Major Pond to give a series of readings from his own work. He has already been very successful with these readings, and his reception on the few occasions on which he has given readings in New York has been most encouraging and gratifying. We heard a very good story the other day about Mr. Dunbar which is well authenticated. He was asked by the editor of a prominent New York magazine to recite some of his verses, and, after the office staff had been called in, Mr. Dunbar asked permission first of all to take a

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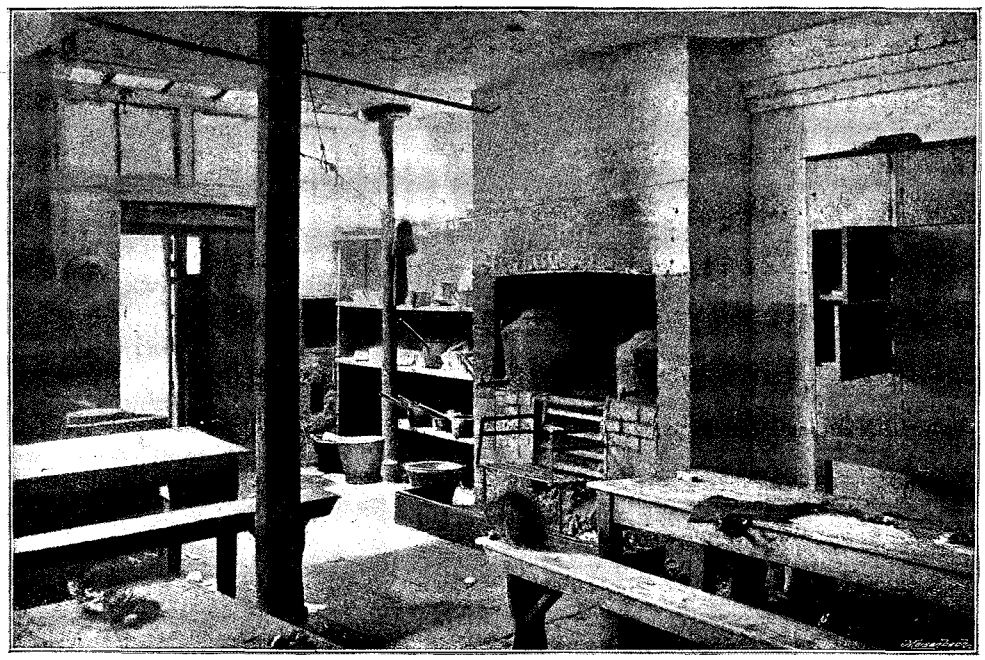

FAGIN'S KITCHEN ("OLIVER TWIST").

sweet revenge by reading a poem which he had sent to the selfsame editor a year previous, and which he had rejected. The poem in question is the one printed in his little volume as "When Malindy Sings." We may add that if the said editor was slow to appreciate the beauty of Mr. Dunbar's poem at that time, he has since made amends by printing some verses of his in his magazine.

❀

The time will come when Charles Dickens will take his place among the historians of vanished London. The Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor of London have photographed the famous Fagin's Kitchen, described by Dickens in *Oliver Twist*, prior to pulling down the old building known by the somewhat pompous name of "Viaduct Chambers." The spot does not seem to have been altered since the days of the Artful Dodger. The building, now a registered lodging-house, from the outside has that respectable, poverty-stricken look so common in more neglected corners of London. Fagin's Kitchen, however, does not belie the description given in *Oliver Twist*. It is indescribably sordid and dirty, lighted only by a grating, and certainly unfit, from our modern point of view, for human habitation. We take this opportunity of registering the description of this unsavoury landmark by reproducing the photograph of the Kitchen from the Council's report in the *Dwellings of the Poor*.

❀

A few months ago we stated that Mr. James Lane Allen had purchased the rights from the J. B. Lippincott Company of an old book of his entitled *John Gray*, which has been out of print for some time. It was his intention at first to simply revise and rewrite it, but he finally discarded it altogether, with the exception of a few incidents in the story, and has practically written a new book, which will be entitled *The Choir Invisible*, and will be published by the Macmillan Company in November. It is an historical novel of Kentucky life in the period following the Revolution, the background of the story being the great migration of the Anglo-Saxon race from the Atlantic seaboard into the West; the chief characters representing the early appearance in the wilderness of the types of civilisation, with some contrast between these and the aristocratic elements of colonial life, on the one

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hand, and between these and the rugged life of the backwoodsmen on the other. *The Choir Invisible* fits into the ever-enlarging literary movement of the day toward the historic beginnings of the nation—the first distinctly traceable movement of the sort since the time of Cooper.

❀

The title of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's new novel, which is to appear in the *Cornhill* during 1897, is *In the Tents of Kedar*—a title that will recall one of Rudyard Kipling's Indian tales. Prior to the appearance of this story he has arranged to run a short serial entitled *Dross* through the columns of the *Queen* (London), commencing in the first week of October. *The Sowers* continues to be the favourite book of the moment in England. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have secured the book rights of *In the Tents of Kedar*, which will not appear in book form until the autumn of 1897.

❀

The fashion which Mr. Zangwill introduced in literature with his London Ghetto stories has recently been taken up by Mr. Cahan in his story of the New York Ghetto called *Yekl*, which is noticed on another page; and we hear that yet another author is to follow with a volume of stories on the Ghetto of Chicago. This volume is to be published shortly by Messrs. Way and Williams, entitled *The Lucky Number*, by I. K. Friedman. Mr. Friedman is a young Hebrew, and a graduate of the Michigan University. He has a most interesting personality, and those who have come in contact with him and who have read his work are impressed with a quality which looks very like genius. In his study of the Jewish slums of Chicago he has made a sympathetic study of character, and delved beneath the surface for the motives that give dramatic power to the incidents which he describes in his stories. He has a keen eye for the romantic, of which he says there is no lack even in the slums. His stories, which circle about a resort called "The Lucky Number," are said to be intensely and vividly real.

❀

An error which slipped into the article on "The Most Famous of Spanish Manuscripts," published in the September BOOKMAN, may be a source of confusion to some readers. It is the use throughout of the word *Chronicle* for *Poem*. The *Chronicle of the Cid* is, of course, quite a different thing from the *Poem of the Cid*.

WONDERLAND.

I.

Sweet eyes by sorrow still unwet,
To you the world is radiant yet,
A palace-hall of splendid truth
Touched by the golden haze of youth,
Where hopes and joys are ever rife
Amid the mystery of life;
And seeking all to understand,
The world to you is Wonderland.

II.

I turn and watch with unshed tears
The furrowed track of ended years;
I see the eager hopes that wane,
The joys that die in deathless pain,
The coward Faith that falsehoods shake,
The souls that faint, the hearts that break,

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"THE WORLD TO YOU IS WONDERLAND."

The Truth by livid lips bemoaned,
The Right defiled, the Wrong enthroned,—
And, striving still to understand,
The world to me is Wonderland.

III.

A little time, then by and by
The puzzled thought itself shall die.
When, like the throb of distant drums,
The call inevitable comes
To blurring brain and weary limb,
And when the aching eyes grow dim,
And fast the gathering shadows creep
To lull the drowsy sense asleep,
We two shall slumber hand in hand
To wake, perhaps, in Wonderland.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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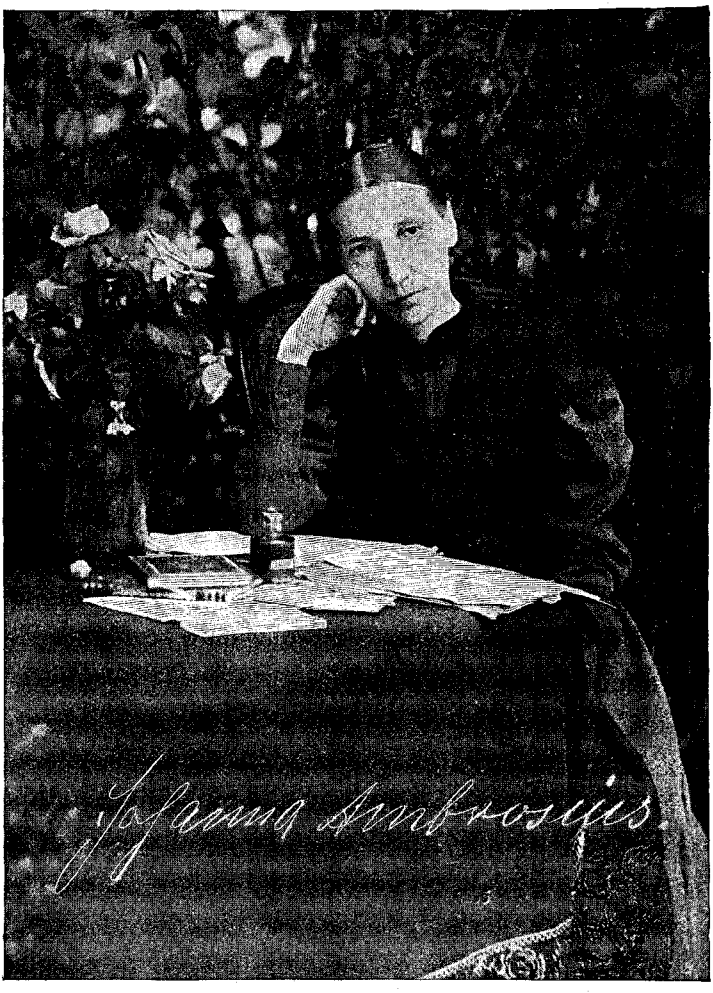

JOHANNA AMBROSIUS.

The interest so widely aroused in the poems of the German peasant woman, Johanna Voigt-Ambrosius, might easily be classed at first thought with the many passing sensations that, in an end-of-the-century mood, claim the momentary attention of the literary world. But there are traits in her work that happily remove her from such association. Belonging as she does to the humblest social rank, her utterances have nevertheless not appealed to the unrest of the socialistic element, nor to the morbid pessimism of the Ibsen school of writers, any more than to the dreamers of an ideal democracy who follow Tolstoy. They have struck a deep responsive note in intelligent readers of all ranks, from royalty and the literary critic to the practical people of every-day occupations. They are the simple but strong outpourings of a woman's heart, whose life is that of humble, strenuous toil, and whose social atmosphere is that of the restricted life of the North German peasant.

Johanna Ambrosius, the daughter of a poor mechanic, was born in the parish of Lengwethen, and lives in the retired village of Gross-Weirsmeninken, near to the Russian border, in East Prussia. Her life as a child was as careless and happy as was consistent with her rude and arduous duties in house and field and stable. Like all German children, she acquired the solid elements of pri-

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mary education up to her eleventh year in the public school, and her mind awakening to a sense of unrest in the dull routine of her home life, she sought a wider freedom in going out to menial service. From this she returned dissatisfied, only in her twentieth year to give her hand in marriage to a poor and honest peasant, and to accept, with her husband, the lot of poverty and the hardest toil. Her laborious life proved too great a strain for her physical strength. Proudly and uncomplainingly as she bore her self-elected fate, she became, says her older sister, Martha, "a physical wreck, because she was the slave of poverty and want. Her only thought was for her two children, to be permitted to live for them, to work for them. To work with her body reduced to a skeleton! To every entreaty that she would take care of herself and spare herself, her only answer was a weary smile."

In the midst of her homely toil this woman seems to have found her literary inspiration in the few books her father possessed, and in reading the popular German magazine, the *Gartenlaube*. Like Ada Negri, the Italian factory girl, whose poems have made a stir in recent Italian letters, and to whom Herman Grim compares her, Johanna found the newspaper and the popular magazine her gateway into the ideal world. Deeply stirred with the poetic emotions which have for ages brooded in the silent recesses of the soul of the German woman, she was slow in giving public utterance to "the thoughts and feelings of a lonely girl and a lonely woman;" and when the time came, as Ada Negri sought the newspapers as the medium of her expression, so Johanna turned to her one literary opportunity, the *Gartenlaube*. It was here and in the journal *Von Haus zu Haus* that her first verses saw the light, and were discovered by him who has become her strong literary friend and appreciative critic, Professor Karl Weiss-Schrattenthal, of Pressburg. It was by his aid that the first collection of her poems was published at the Christmas season of 1894, the edition bearing a lengthy and enthusiastic preface of his own. In March of the following year a fourth edition appeared, and the issue has steadily increased, until the sale has reached a very large number, and the little volume has begun to awaken a deep interest in readers outside of Germany. The publication, by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Miss Safford's translations of these poems, is from the twenty-sixth edition, and will be welcomed with interest by American readers and students of contemporary literature. The following striking comparison is drawn by Herman Grim in a recent essay:

> "In the lives of Ada Negri and Johanna Ambrosius I see embodied historical elements which require measurement and formulation. They grew up alone; they were of lowly station. They speak such pure speech. They are poor women; they do not hate those whose lot is more fortunate. Ada Negri sprang from the restless mass of men who throng the factories. . . . The roar and shriek and pound of machines filled her ear. Johanna bowed her young back to work in the fields ever the same. . . . The images and feelings of the moment are given an impetuous power by the Italian, the young force and vigour of something aggressively warlike. In Johanna Ambrosius greater intellectual power prevails, and the quiet strength of the German soul. Ada with clenched fists bursts straight through the thicket which surrounds her; Johanna, with weary feet, seeks a practicable path in the *selva oscura di nostra vita*. Both contrive to make their poems nestle in our memories, never to be banished thence."

It is this touching and signal trait of "not hating those whose lot is more fortunate" that, I believe, gives especial dignity and moral worth to the verses of this new peasant poet. We have become so accustomed in these days to woman's painful struggle for recognition and restless complaint against real or seeming injuries, that it is refreshing to read the utterances of a woman's soul whose noble poetic inspirations lift her above all consciousness of rivalry or of sex limitations, and even above the stern hardships of poverty and social obscurity into the pure atmosphere of beauty and of love. Her verses are the spontaneous and unstudied outpouring of deep sympathy with all human kind, and especially with those who suffer. Her poetry is not the voice of complaint. Truly the child of sorrow and pain, it springs from these not as morbidly imagined or borrowed from other's complaints, but as the burden of her own life. And yet it is not without its notes of pure joy in nature, and of a never-failing trust in the goodness of God and in the final happy solution in a brighter world of all the sad problems of this. It is this intense reality of experience which in a more cultured writer would

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be liable to criticism, as tinging her verses with too much personality, that in fact proves her title to the rank of poet. She has met truly the conditions of Goethe's test :

"Who has not wept through nights of sleepless hours,
He knows, he knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers."

That there is throughout her writing evidence of morbid mental states, a longing for the rest that death shall bring, and a kind of hugging of grief as itself a boon richer than joy, cannot be denied ; and the light and comfort that religion brings to her are those of stoic resignation rather than of a deep spiritual faith. Her song of faith is born of the remembered religious traditions of the past rather than of the inspirations of the newer time, such as have found voice in Tennyson and the Brownings and in the great New England poets. But with all their limitations we have thankfully to note the absence of the dreary pessimism that besets so large a share of the poetry of the day in our own and other lands, and if Johanna Ambrosius sings in the minor key so largely, it is from no silly sentimentality or affectation, but because she is singing of what life has truly been to her and what she knows it must be to many others. Much may be forgiven to one who has fulfilled so faithfully the measure of the poet's duty as described in her own words :

When, daily labour terminating,
Sleep doth thee to its arms entice,
He groans in fierce throes of creating,
And strives for the lost Paradise.

His breast is filled with eager yearning,
Nor peace nor rest doth he e'er find ;
With all men's tears his eyes are burning,
He bears the burdens of mankind.

Deep into beauty's fountain diving,
He seeks the noblest treasure there ;
In heartfelt prayers forever striving
With God to grant ye flow'rets fair.

Not for himself he asketh blessing ;
Content is he if, in his song,
He bringeth aught for your refreshing :
For gold or thanks he doth not long.

With his heart's blood he dyes the roses,
His hot tears blanch the lilies pale ;
The smallest leaf which here reposes
Doth from his heavy sighs exhale.*

The relation of pain and poetry in her own life is briefly told in the poem entitled "My Muse" :

MY MUSE.*

Once I lived from day to day,
Nor joy nor sorrow felt ;
Scarcely knew myself, so like
Were all with whom I dwelt.

But as this I realised,
And 'gan o'er it to fret,
Yawned my heart as if weary :
Something may happen yet.

Some one tapped lightly. "Enter,"
I called, almost dismayed.
"What ! Is it you, my old friend,
Pain ? Hast thou hither strayed ?"

"Yes, my child," softly stroking
My cheeks the while he spake :
"Tell me, for whom with longing
So great doth thy heart ache ?"

"For my Muse, who once taught me
To sing full many a song.
Without a single visit
For months I've waited long.

"Now sit thee down beside me ;
Else shall I be alone.
We two have talked together
Oft while the pale moon shone."

So he sat down beside me,
Kissing me o'er and o'er ;
E'en as the first he gave me,
I found my songs once more .

"Let the Muse farther wander,
If only thee I have !"
A smile of secret meaning
Rests on his lips so grave.

"Take back that sentence hasty,
For, lo ! your Muse am I ;
Always have I been faithful."
I kissed him tenderly.

An example of strong, passionate utterance one finds in the poem "Ah, Bind my Hands" :

AH, BIND MY HANDS.†

Ah, bind my outstretched hands, I pray,
With heavy fetters chaining,
Or they might else on my breast lay
A loved head, rest attaining.

And wall up, too, this heart of mine,
In closest dungeon keeping ;
Already through the windows shine
Love's bright flames upward leaping.

Oh, make me deaf ! Oh, make me blind !
No glimpse of joy receiving !
'Tis hard for the forsaken child
To bear her sore heart's grieving.

And among the lyrics of love in "Thy Kiss" :

* From Miss Safford's translations. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

* From Miss Safford's translations.
† *Ibid.*

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THY KISS.*

The kiss which rested on thy lips
For mine own I have captured ;
Whatever haps I care not now !
I sing like bird enraptured.

To whom the gods their beaker give
Should make no long delaying,
Or they fair fortune's glass might break,
Their holy wrath displaying.

E'en should death's icy form now lie
Beside me, my couch sharing,
The lips which once to thine were pressed
Will greet him, bright smiles wearing.

The poet's responsiveness to nature's moods is shown in the tender verses :

A SUMMER NIGHT.†

Her soft, cool arms extending,
Night comes anew ;
Fields, woods, and meadows clasping
Her heart unto ;

With mantle light enwrapping
Each tree and bush,
While murmuring tones the world
To dreams doth hush.

The earth hath now forgotten
Day's misery ;
Mine eyes I lift in longing
Toward the sky.

I see a wee bird soaring
In sunset's glow :
Ah, would my heart, so weary,
With it might go !

Besides the interest that these poems have awakened in the old world, even to the degree of procuring for the author an annuity from the Empress of Germany sufficient to shield her henceforth from extreme want, it has seemed to me that they bring to us in America a new and perhaps much-needed revelation, that the poetic gift and, indeed, a high order of living, are things independent of any external conditions, whether high or low, whether in servile or in imperial ranks. The familiar picture drawn by returned American tourists, with all the high colour of a righteous indignation and pride of citizenship in this enlightened land, of the degradation of the peasantry of Germany, and especially of the hopeless outlook for women doomed to an unlettered life, to the slavery of the kitchen, the plough, and the stall, will certainly lose something of its power for such as shall read these noble and tender verses. For, coming as these do from even the rudest and most laborious conditions of human life, yet with their sweetness and high-born beauty they have not failed to win the ear of princes and of professors.

The lesson all this teaches us is not that menial toil and hardship are a desirable lot for women in any country, but that there is a power in the poetic gift in a true woman's soul which is capable of lifting her above all conditions which earth may create, and of placing her among the great ones whom all shall love and honour, because of the boon of beauty and solace she has brought them. These gifts of genius and high planes of living are not to be bought with money, even though wages are higher, nor with brilliant intellectual training in lands where schools and colleges for women abound, nor with political or social influence even in those communities which offer the most advanced "opportunities for women." Something more than these are needed to make the poet who shall interpret the hearts of his people and time, and the rare work and distinguished success of the German peasant may serve as a gentle but eloquent reminder, lest aspiring souls among us should be placing their dependence on wrong sources for achieving great results, whether for literature or for social progress.

Frank Sewall.

* From Miss Safford's translations.
† *Ibid.*

THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

Let me but feed on frugal fare,
So manna may be thine ;
Let me strip the vines and press them bare,
So thou shalt taste of wine ;
Ay, though I have no crust to share,
If thou find first-fruit everywhere,
The fuller harvest mine !

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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THE GENTLEMAN IN AMERICAN FICTION.

If the question were asked of us, What type of character stands at the top of our civilisation? we could give but one reply; we should say, It is the gentleman; and by gentleman we would here mean a man who is one of our masculine types of most highly developed powers.

This idea that the gentleman represents the summit of our civilisation is so vast, so plain, so shining, that it may not at once impress us very deeply; but it is the vastness, it is the openness, it is the splendour of the sun. We could not fully explain it without taking into account the history of the race for centuries past. We should need to consider that as the life of the Anglo-Saxon race has unrolled itself for hundreds of years, one by one the great departments of power, slowly, painfully, through error and defeat, but always with increasing sureness, have fallen under the right leadership of this imperial type. Nowadays it is the gentleman at the head of the army; this was not always true; the time was when such a thing was not thought of. Nowadays it is the gentleman at the head of the navy; this was not always true; it is the gentleman in the university; it is the gentleman on the bench; it is the gentleman in sport; it is the gentleman in his club; it is the gentleman in his home. We know what was the meaning of the establishment of an international copyright a few years ago; it meant the triumph of the gentlemen of the two countries in taking possession of their art in its business relations; it was the triumph of author and publisher over the low, ancient, stubborn, all but ineradicable passions of trade. At present one of the highest expressions of the unanimity of innumerable minds on this subject is the demand for the gentleman in politics. It is said that we cannot quite find him, but the demand for him is the thing that shows the rising drift of public opinion; the demand grows and grows; it will not be beaten down; it will not be turned aside; it will demand its place in the triumph of higher forces.

We should need to consider, furthermore, that not only in our national affairs, but in all our international relations, our Government and indeed the whole body of the people, has become most solicitous that its foreign representative should be a gentleman. So that in a word we cannot think of our modern life truly or wisely or hopefully at all but as passing more and more into the keeping of this representative kingly character, its highest masculine type of civilisation. He is general, he is admiral, he is teacher, he is judge, yachtsman, clubman, publisher, husband, father, the head of all things.

In the United States we have not only gone so far as to believe this and to act upon it, but it has become our belief that the institutions of our country have produced and do produce the finest gentleman of the world. It is our honest persuasion, however provincial, that, take him all in all, his like has never been seen elsewhere; and when this has been admitted, surely enough has been said to make it clear that in the practice of our national life, in its theory, at the very heart of our towering ideals, we as a nation regard the gentleman, and the gentleman alone, as the utmost embodied excellence of our social institutions.

But inasmuch as every national literature, if it be truly such, must hold the mirror up to life, let us turn to American fiction and ask ourselves, as students of it, whether we find reflected there the image of this most real and sovereign being. Can we name the American novel in which he is duly portrayed? Can we name in any novel the character that fills out his mould? Is there a single hero in American fiction that has passed out into even general acceptance as a worthy counterpart of the American gentleman as we have seen him appear again and again in our history? We shall rather be forced to admit that no leading type of the American gentleman has ever been successfully portrayed; nor has the effort ever been made by the novelist, on any adequate scale, to portray him.

To say this, is to say a great deal. The truth of it may become clearer by a brief analysis of our fiction.

American novels may be thrown into two classes. There is the class that

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deals with the highest social types in our civilisation, and there is a second class that deals with all other types lower down.

If we should study the novels of the first class, we find that they are mostly novels of attack. The main business of the novelist is to array and to arraign the vices, the weakness, the wrongs, the failures of masculine human nature under the conditions of our New World civilisation. It is to show that men who are sometimes at the top of our national life, by reason of wealth, birth, descent, education, travel, manners, or other forms of power, should not be at the top, but nearer the bottom. It is philosophically a literature of discontent with the imperfections of the republic as embodied in its representative men. It variously exhibits these men as money-loving, or unscrupulous, or hard, or shallow, or dull and uninteresting, or supercilious, or caddish, or as touched with European flunkeyism. The protest may take on a hundred forms ; but always it amounts to saying either that these representative characters are not truly American, or that they are truly American in what is to be regretted and assailed.

This is a perfectly healthy body of our fiction. It is all true, it is all deserved. Every national literature of any courage and vitality worth the name contains this department of attack, this fortress of satire.

But the present contention is that there is no balance maintained—that this literature of attack upon representative social types that are bad is not offset by another body of fiction to celebrate representative social types that are good. The argument is that this literature which arraigns the vices and weakness and failures of men under the republic is not counterbalanced, or, as it should be, overbalanced by a literature to set forth the virtues, the strength, the success, the beauty of character that men take on under our civilisation. There is no wish to be understood as saying that no American novelists have attempted patriotic delineations of the American gentleman. They have ; but the entire body of this sympathetic fiction, when laid beside the best of our life, shrinks almost to nothingness. If we search through American novels for twenty-five of the finest masculine characters in them, and then beside these place twenty-five of the finest gentlemen who have appeared in our history, the literary characters in comparison with the once living characters are wholly inadequate. The largest creations of our national art are less than the realities of our national experience. They are entitled on the plea of realism to be of equal size. On the basis of the greatest imaginative art, they should be even larger.

If we accept these facts as actual and this reasoning as just, then the conclusion lies before us that our national literature breaks down just where our national life does not break down ; that it fails just where our life succeeds ; that the very summits of our society on which the gentleman stands supreme is the region of our literary desert.

But turn for the moment to the second class of American novels dealing with types that come lower than the highest. Here we find the great bulk of American fiction ; here, perhaps, our literature utters its most genuine, its most characteristic note ; and here it displays its purest gold. We have, for instance, the only negro literature in the world ; we have one of the most beautiful creole literatures ; we have the only literature of the Anglo-Saxon mountaineers ; we have the essentially New World literature of middle-class New England life ; we have the ultra-Americanism of life on the Western plains ; we have, in a word, the literature of the common people. It is all truly American, it is all indispensable ; but whatever its field and whatever its scope and whatever its merit, it has this common limitation that it is not the literature of our highest civilisation.

The explanation of this state of our imaginative literature is intricate and manifold. It lies, partly, in the fact that in provincial as opposed to cosmopolitan types of character art finds picturesqueness, remoteness, the charm of novelty, the delight of discovery ; and it also finds there the elemental forces and passions of human nature more openly at work and more vividly in action : love, hatred, jealousy, envy, revenge, struggle, crime, death—all these in studies of lower life take on forms and proportions that give the novelist the material for rude and powerful drawing and intense colour. But further-

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more: this literature of lower civilisation is really the voice of the great American democracy. It is our celebration in literature of the life of the common people, who are the ideal of the republic. As we make all men equal in the laws of our country, the art of the country strives to become no less impartial; or if it favours any, it favours those who are not otherwise favoured. We may take the novels of this class by the score, and the one argument underlying the story in each is this: that though the men and women in the story are not types of our highest civilisation, they possess none the less the elements of an attractive, or touching, or humorous, or beautiful, or ennobling humanity; that though they are poor, they are honest; that though they are ignorant, they are sincere; that though the heroine is unsophisticated, she is virtuous (see *Daisy Miller*); that though the hero is not virtuous, he is brave.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this department of our literature. It is not alone the voice of patriotism and democracy, it is the voice of our common imperfect humanity addressed to the ear of our common imperfect humanity. It is the great lay sermon of literature over the struggling, the unfortunate and the weak. Its aim is to make us ready to bear others' burdens; to give us an insight into others' difficulties; to make us more patient with those who try us; more helpful to those who need us; more forgiving to those who wrong us; more thoughtful of those who serve us.

But there is a third reason—among the many that cannot here be mentioned—why American fiction consists so largely of lower types in our civilisation. It is much easier to write a successful novel portraying a low degree of civilisation than to write a successful novel portraying a high degree of civilisation. The more highly civilised his characters, the more highly civilised must be the novelist. A writer stands to his work as a mason to his wall: they keep the same level; they rise together. True, a man may be far above the plane of his characters and write down to them: but he cannot be far below the plane of his characters and write up to them. Hence, in the literature of the world the writers who have created the great civilised types of character in their age and country have been very great and very highly civilised men. The entire plane of life is now uplifted: the horizon of life grows vaster; the relations of life more subtle and intricate; the psychology of motive more exalted and baffling; the range of ideas more rapid and commanding.

And yet, if our own is ever to rank with the great literatures of the past or of the present, this must be done: we must portray the highest types of our civilisation, male and female, for it is here that many of the world's masterpieces lie. Characters of the highest civilisation mainly rule in the world of life; characters of the highest civilisation largely rule in the world of letters and imagination. Homer knew this, the great Greek tragedians knew it, Dante knew it, Shakespeare knew it, Goethe knew it. On the whole, the greatest characters in the works of the greatest minds are the representative types of their civilisation. If we were asked to name the three gentlemen in fiction known to the Anglo-Saxon reading world, whom would they be but Don Quixote, Sir Roger de Coverley, and Colonel Newcome, all types of high civilisation? They are, indeed, no longer the ideals of the gentleman, as he is known and demanded by us of to-day; but each has become an imperishable embodiment of the gentleman as he was known and demanded by his own associates, in his own time; and each still retains enough of the world-likeness of the gentleman to enable him to rule over us beyond any others that have appeared since.

But a frank examination of our literature shows that we have not given to the world a single American character that can even rank with this company of to us imperfect though immortal gentlemen; not a single one whose name has become a byword, so that the bare mention of it in a company of scholars would be enough to make it known. Perhaps our nearest approach to one is to be found in the Autocrat. It is a ridiculous and mortifying admission that the only two names in all the range of our fiction that have attained anything like universality of acceptance even among ourselves, not, of course, as gentlemen, but as mere characters, are the two negroes, Uncle Tom and Uncle Remus. When

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we come to the Anglo-Saxon gentleman of the New World, our representative character, we find him in our biography, in our history, in the army, in the navy, in the university, on the bench; we find him in the leadership of our national life, but we cannot find him as large as life in our fiction.

This short paper is merely meant to suggest a subject that could readily yield enough material for a book.

James Lane Allen.

LULLABY.

Bedtime's come fu' little boys,
Po' little lamb.
Too tiahed out to make a noise,
Po' little lamb.
You gwine t' have to-morrer sho'?
Yes, you tole me dat befo',
Don't you fool me, chile, no mo',
Po' little lamb.

You been bad de livelong day,
Po' little lamb.
Th'owin' stones an' runnin' 'way,
Po' little lamb.
My, but you's a-runnin' wild,
Look jes' lak some po' folks chile;
Mam' gwine whup you atter while,
Po' little lamb.

Come hyeah! you mos' tiahed to def,
Po' little lamb.
Played yo'se'f clean out o' bref,
Po' little lamb.
See dem han's now—sich a sight!
Would you evah b'lieve dey's white!
Stan' still 'twell I wash dem right,
Po' little lamb.

Jes' caint hol' yo' haid up straight,
Po' little lamb.
Hadn't oughter played so late,
Po' little lamb.
Mammy do' know whut she'd do,
Ef de chillun's all lak you;
You 's a caution now fu' true,
Po' little lamb.

Lay yo' haid down in my lap,
Po' little lamb.
Y'ought to have a right good slap,
Po' little lamb.
You been runnin' roun' a heap.
Shet dem eyes an' don't you peep,
Dah now, dah now, go to sleep,
Po' little lamb.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

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THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

WITH FAC-SIMILES OF TITLE-PAGES, ALPHABET, AND ALPHABET VERSE PAGES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the apocryphal poem of John Rogers "unto his children," which was included in every *New England Primer*, he said :

"I leave you here a little booke
for you to looke vpon
That you may see your fathers face
when I am dead and gon."

No better description of the *New England Primer* itself could be penned. As one glances over what may truly be entitled "the little Bible of New England," and reads its stern lessons, the Puritan mood is caught with absolute faithfulness. Here was no easy road to knowledge and to salvation, but in prose as bare of beauty as the whitewash of their churches, in poetry as rough and stern as their storm-torn coast, in pictures as crude and unfinished as their own glacial-smoothed boulders, between stiff oak covers, which symbolised the contents, the children were led, until from being unregenerate and (as Jonathan Edwards said) "young vipers, and infinitely more hateful than vipers," to God, to that happy state when (as expressed by Judge Sewall's child) they were afraid they "should goe to Hell" and were "stirred up dreadfully to seek God." No earthly or heavenly rewards were offered to its readers—only salvation from hell.

But in this very accentuation of the danger lay the strength of Puritanism. No Mass or Prayer, no Priest or Pastor stood between man and his Creator, each soul being morally responsible for its own salvation ; and this tenet forced every man to think, to read, to reason. As the Reformation became possible only when the Bible was cheapened by printed versions, so the moment each man could own and study the Book, Puritanism began. Unless, however, man could read, Independence was impossible, for illiteracy compelled him to rely upon another for his knowledge of the Word, and thus, from its earliest inception, Puritanism for its own sake was compelled to foster education.

Independency, no less than Papacy and Episcopacy, was able to foresee the danger of individualism in that it threatened to result in a man's not finding in the Bible the one belief by which the Puritans held he could be saved. Think for himself he must, but it was his duty to think what the separatists thought, and so churches were gathered, and "teachers"—as they were first called—were chosen, who told their congregations what they were to think for themselves. Very quickly organised sects followed, which formulated creeds and catechisms, demanded belief in them, and tortured, imprisoned, and exiled the recalcitrant. Finding that other men, like themselves, could not be made by punishment to accept other than their own opinions, the children were taken in their earliest years, and drilled and taught to believe what they were to think out for themselves when the age of discretion was reached. And this was the function of the *New England Primer*. With it millions were taught to read, that they might read the Bible, and with it these millions were catechised unceasingly, that they might find in the Bible only what one of many priesthoods had decided that book contained.

In spite of many years' research by well-known antiquarians, the origin and authorship of this primer have hitherto remained unknown ; but recent discoveries of the writer go far to dispel them. From these it appears that in the reign of King Charles, of "Merrie" memory, one Benjamin Harris began printing in London "at the Stationers Arms in Sweethings Rents near the Royal Exchange." Here he issued, between the years 1676 and 1681, many tracts and broadsides of so little moment that his name finds no mention in any biographical dictionary or history of printing.

So long as the printer limited his activity to the writing and printing of ballads and tracts against the Pope and the Jesuits under such titles as *The Grand Impostor* and *The Mystery of Iniquity*, all went well with him ; but in 1679 he issued *An Appeal from the Country to the City*. The King's government did not take the same view of the question that

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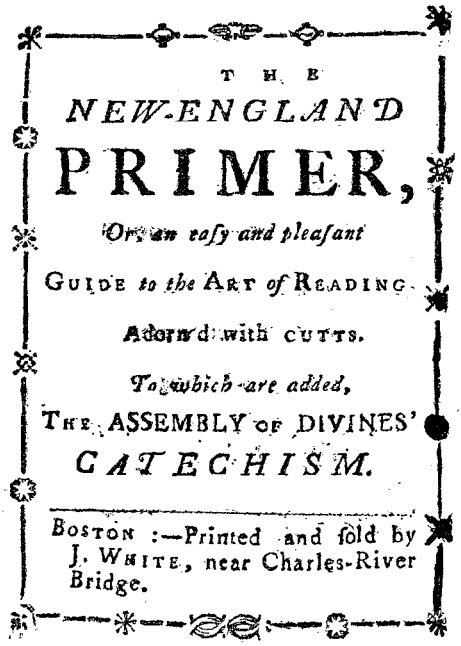

THE
NEW-ENGLAND
PRIMER,
Or, an eaſy and pleaſant
GUIDE to the ART of READING
Adorn'd with CUTTS.
To which are added,
THE ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES'
CATECHISM.
BOSTON :—Printed and ſold by J. WHITE, near Charles-River Bridge.

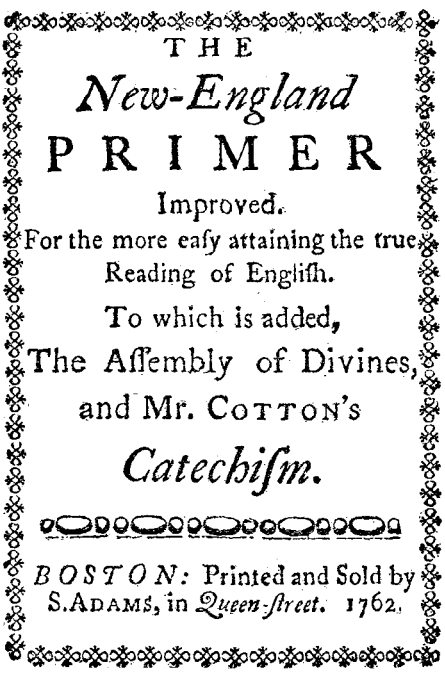
Mr. Harris had; he was brought to trial, and the chief justice, after remarking that if he had his wish the printer should be whipped, ordered him to find security for his good behaviour for three years. Unwarned by this, Harris in 1681 printed a *Protestant Petition*, and was once more haled before the court, and this time the judge fined him £500 and ordered him put in the pillory. The printer apparently did not recover from this mulct, for he seems to have ceased printing from that time.

Upon the death of Charles II. and the succession of Catholic James, "Old England," wrote John Dunton from Boston, "is now so uneasie a Place for honest Men, that those that can will seek out for another Countrey. And this I suppose is the Case of Mr. Benjamin Harris and the two Mr. Hows, whom I hear are coming hither, and to whom I wish a good Voyage." Come to Boston Harris did, and late in 1686 he set up a book and "Coffee, Tee & Chucaletto" shop, "by the Town-Pump near the Change." Later he became "Printer to His Excellency the Governor and Council," making remove in 1694 to a place which he called "the Sign of the Bible, over against the Blew-Anchor."

Before his flight to Boston in 1686 (according to Dunton), "Mr. Harris, I think, also printed the *Protestant Tutor*, a Book not at all relish'd by the Popish Party, because it is the design of that little Book to bring up Children in an Aversion to Popery." No copy of the first edition is known to exist; but from a later edition its character proves it to be the legitimate predecessor of the *New England Primer*, for it contains the Alphabet, followed by the Syllabarium, the Alphabet of Lessons, the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments, the Poem of John Rogers, with the picture of his burning, the figures and numeral letters, and the Names of the Books of the Bible, all of which were embodied in the *New England Primer*.

On his arrival in Boston it was obviously the interest of Harris to get out a new edition of this little book, for its chance of success was even greater among the popery-hating New Englanders than that it had already met with in Old England. The poverty of the people made prudent an abridgment of the *Tutor*, and thus it was reduced to smaller bulk; to make it the more saleable the school-book character was increased, while to give it an even better chance for success by an appeal to local pride, it was rechristened and came forth under the now famous title.

No copy of this first edition is known, and thus the exact date of its appear-


THE
New-England
PRIMER
Improved.
For the more eaſy attaining the true Reading of Engliſh.
To which is added,
The Aſſembly of Divines,
and Mr. COTTON's
Catechiſm.
BOSTON: Printed and Sold by S. ADAMS, in *Queen-ſtreet.* 1762.

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ance cannot be given. Harris did not arrive in Boston till near the end of 1686, and the only publication he issued in that year was an almanac for 1687, which Sewall bought on December 6th, 1686. It was between 1687 and 1690, therefore, that the primer was first issued. Its success seems to have been immediate, for in Henry Hewman's almanac, entitled *News from the Stars*, "printed by R. Peirce for Benjamin Harris at the London Coffee-House in Boston, 1691" (and consequently printed late in 1690) the last leaf advertised a "second Impression of the *New England Primer*."

The book proved so great a success in New England that when its compiler returned to Old England he continued to publish it. In a work printed by him in 1701 is advertised at the end, among other "Books Printed and Sold by B. Harris at the Golden Boar's Head in Grace-church St., the *New England Primer* Enlarged. For the more easy attaining the true Reading of English. To which is added *Milk for Babes*."

It was in New England, however, that its great success was achieved. Primer to printer and people there soon meant only the *New England Primer*, all other varieties being specially designated to show that they were not of the popular kind. Copies of the little book were as much a matter of "stock" in the bookshops of the towns and general stores of the villages as the Bible itself. In the inventory of Michael Perry, a Boston bookseller, filed in 1700, is entered "28 Primmers" and "44 doz. Primmers," and standard advertisements in newspapers and books announced that such and such a printer has for sale "Bibles, Testaments, Psalters, Psalm-Books, Primers, Account Books, and Books of Record." Indeed, it was so taken for granted that copies were in stock, that many printers and booksellers did not think the fact worth advertising.

For one hundred years the *Primer* was *the* school-book of the Dissenters of America, and for another hundred it was frequently reprinted. In the unfavourable locality (in a sectarian sense) of Philadelphia, the accounts of Benjamin Franklin and David Hall show that between 1749 and 1766, or a period of seventeen years, that firm sold 37,100 copies. Livermore stated in 1849 that within the last dozen years "100,000 copies of modern editions . . . have been circulated." An over-conservative claim for it is to estimate an annual average sale of 20,000 copies during a period of one hundred and fifty years, or total sales of 3,000,000 copies.

Despite this enormous number, early editions of the *New England Primer* are among the rarest of school-books. When to the destruction of the child is added the slight value set by adults on children's books of their own time, it is not strange that works intended for the instruction or amusement of the young should constitute one of the rarest of all classes of literature.

This destruction and heedlessness has made a study of the *New England Primer* an almost hopeless undertaking. Although eagerly searched for by many collectors in the last fifty years, no copy of a seventeenth-century edition of the work has been discovered; and this search has brought to light less than forty editions and less than fifty copies of *New England Primers* printed in the eighteenth century. Although, as already noted, Franklin and Hall printed over 37,000 copies between 1749 and 1766 (and, as Franklin printed an edition as early as 1735, and Hall as late as 1779, it is probable that they issued at least double that number), not a single copy with their imprints is known to exist. This is typical of the majority of the issues.

Every *New England Primer*, like many others, begins with the letters of the alphabet, followed by various repetitions making clear the distinctions between vowels, consonants, double letters, italic, and capitals. After this came what was called "Easy Syllables for Children," or, as it is frequently termed, the "syllabarium."

In every *New England Primer* the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed were included; and while their position was varied, they commonly followed the "Alphabet of Lessons."

Next in order of what went to make the *Primer* famous were the twenty-four little pictures, with alphabetical rhymes, commencing:

"In Adam's Fall
We sinnèd All."

Who was the author of the *New England Primer* alphabet verse is not known, no text of it before its appearance in the

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Primer having been found. It could not have been written long before the first appearance of that book, for the rhyme

"The Royal Oak
It was the Tree
That sav'd his
Royal Majesty,"

by its allusion to King Charles, clearly shows it to have been written after 1660. All this points to the compiler of the *Primer* as its author, for in other verse he expresses the greatest admiration for the Merrie Monarch. He was continually scribbling verse quite of the character of the rhymed alphabet, and this gives a strong suspicion that it is from the pen of Harris.

It is a curious fact that of all these twenty-four stanzas only the first one, relating to Adam, was not at some time varied or changed; and these variations give a curious illustration of some very important alterations of public opinion.

Perhaps the most curious change is that connected with the letter K. Allusion has been made to Harris's admiration for King Charles, and there is good evidence that for that letter there was originally a picture of that monarch, and the stanza read:

"King Charles the Good
No Man of Blood."

Presently, however, the King was dead, and in a little time another king in the form of William III., for whom Harris also felt a strong admiration, was reigning over England. Thereupon the portrait and stanza were changed. When William died, however, Harris did not displace his portrait, but calling into play his poetic fancy, he affixed to the old cut, the lines:

"K. Williams Dead
and left the throne
To Ann our Queen
of great Renown."

This necessity of changing, however, with each new reign proved a nuisance, and so some one presently hit upon the device of being always in date by making the rhyme read

"Our King the Good
No Man of Blood."

For many years this form was satisfactory, but finally the Americans began to question if, after all, the King was good. To meet this doubt, printers easily changed the praise into admonition by printing

"Kings should be Good
Not men of Blood."

Finally, washing their hands of mon-

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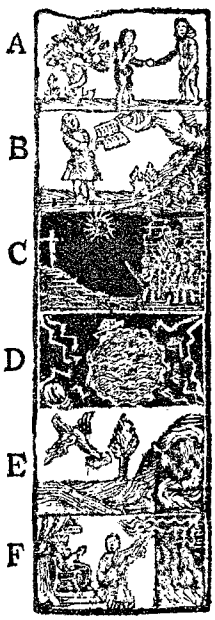

archy, rhyme too was abandoned, and the stanza became

"The British King
Lost States thirteen,"

varied occasionally by another form, which announced that

"Queens and Kings
Are gaudy things."

Akin to this, in both democratic sentiment and verse, were revised lines for Q to the effect that

"Kings and Queens
Lie in the dust."

In the same manner the rhyme already quoted, about the royal oak, became unfit poetry for young republicans, and in attempts to vary it wide divergence crept in, resulting in the following forms:

"The Royal Oak
our King did save
From fatal Stroke
of Rebel Slave."

"If you seek in the forest
The *Oak* you will see
Among all the rest
is the stateliest tree."

"Of sturdy Oak
That Stately tree
The ships are made
That sail the sea."

"The Charter Oak
it was the tree
That saved to us
our liberty."

Another injection of patriotism was made in the letter W. Originally this was

"Whales in the sea
Gods voice obey."

In some editions of the *Primers* printed after the American Revolution this somewhat difficult rhyme was omitted, and in its place was one of the following:

"Great Washington brave
His country did save."

"By Washington
Great deeds were done."

Even more famous than the rhymed alphabet is the poem of John Rogers, with the picture of the martyr burning at the stake, and "his Wife, with Nine small Children, and one at her Breast," looking on. Much sadness this poem and print must have cost the Puritan mind; and even now it is capable of producing a sigh, no longer because one feels so keenly for the man who, regardless of wife and children, insisted on being burnt, and really forced the court against its will to make a martyr of him, but because a study of the facts shows that the use of this poem and story was

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nothing but a piece of sectarian garbling and falsehood, and that all the pity spent upon it by millions of readers was no more deserved than that lavished upon the unfortunate heroes and heroines of fiction.

Of greater importance than the Rogers verses, but of far less popularity, was the *Catechism*, which usually followed close upon the poem. In all the eighteenth-century *Primers* examined this consisted of either the Westminster Assembly's *Shorter Catechism* or John Cotton's *Spiritual Milk for Babes*, and in a number of editions both were included. Several nineteenth-century editions of the *New England Primer* contained, besides the Assembly's *Catechism*, the Episcopal as well; but no early editions found contains what was so alien to all the rest of the work.

The children were drilled in this *Catechism* unsparingly. In church and at school it was almost a daily task. As if this were not sufficient, Cotton Mather even advised mothers to catechise their children "every day," adding, "You may be continually dropping something of the *Catechism* upon them; some *Honey out of the Rock!*" and he told parents that

"The *Souls* of your *Children* made a Cry in your Ears, *O Parents;* a cry enough to break an Heart of Adamant. They are *Born Children of Wrath;* and when they grow up, you have no way to *Save* them from the dreadful *Wrath* of God, if you do not *Catechise* them in the *Way of Salvation.* They cry to you: *O our dear parents; Acquaint us with the Great God, and His Glorious Christ, that so Good may come unto us. Let us not go from your Tender Knees, down to the Place of Dragons.* Oh! not *Parents*, but *Ostriches:* Not *Parents*, but *Prodigies!* What, but more cruel than the *Sea Monsters* are the *Parents*, who will not be moved by such Thoughts as these, to *Draw out the Breasts* of the *Catechism* unto their *Young Ones!* One would think, *Parents*, your own *Bowels*, if you have not *Monstrously* lost them, would Suggest enough to persuade you unto the *Pleasant Labours* of the *Catechism.*"

Equally popular at first in America was John Cotton's *Spiritual Milk for American Babes*, Mather being the authority for the statement, in 1697, that "the children of New England are to this day most usually fed with this excellent catechism," and he called it "peculiarly *The Catechism* of New England," and asserted that "*Milk for Babes* will be valued and studied and improved until New England cease to be New England."

The last piece of any importance which can be considered an integrant of the *New England Primer* is what was called "A Dialogue between Christ, Youth, and the Devil," a poem relating to a tempted youth, who, despite the warning of his Redeemer, succumbs to the wiles of the cloven-footed tempter, and makes an effective exit at the end of the

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dialogue without the assistance of any stage directions, but with, it is presumable, the glare of subterranean regions in place of the more professional calcium light.

Such were the main contents of the *Primer;* but many smaller pieces, in which far greater variation was shown, were used by the printers to fill in between these more important portions, and to pad it out at the end so as to complete the last signature. Few of these minor pieces can be positively identified; but as they go to make a history of the *Primer*, and as their chronology is of some value in settling the approximate decade of imperfect copies of the *Primer*, they deserve some attention.

In the edition of 1737 a longish "Verses for Children," beginning "Though I am but a little one," appeared for the first time, and was included in many subsequent editions. Most remarkable of all in this edition was its printing of the lines

> "Now I lay me down to sleep
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep
> If I should die before I wake
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The author of these famous lines is unknown, and this is their first appearance in print so far as can be discovered. They were included in almost every subsequent edition of the *Primer*.

In the evangelisation of the *Primer* between 1740 and 1760, besides the change in the rhymed alphabet other material alterations were introduced. In the earliest *Primer* so revised the chief variations are the introduction of Watts' "Divine Song for Children," his "Cradle Hymn," and his "Morning" and "Evening Prayers;" Rev. Nathaniel Clap's "Advice to his Children," "Agur's Prayer," and "Some Proper Names of Men and Women" were also inserted. All these additions proved fairly popular, though the parts by Watts were the most so. They all formed the text of most *Primers* issued between 1762 and 1790.

About 1790 a very marked change was made by printers taking some mundane rhymes from an English publication entitled the *Royal Primer*, describing various animals, with pictures of them. From this source were also taken a "Description of a Good Boy," a "Description of a Bad Boy," and poems on "The Good Girl" and "The Naughty Girl." Their insertion marked the beginning of the end, for no longer salvation was promised to the good and unending fire to the bad, but "pert Miss Prat-a-pace" was to have none of the "Oranges, Apples, Cakes, or Nuts" promised to "pretty Miss Prudence," and the naughty urchin was only threatened with beggary while the good boy was promised "credit and reputation." Worst of all was the insertion of a short poem which should have made the true Puritan turn in his grave, for instead of teaching that letters were to be learned that the Bible might be read, and that the figures were necessary to find chapter and verse in that work, it said:

> "He who ne'er learns his A B C
> Forever will a blockhead be.
>
> "But he who learns his letters fair
> Shall have a coach to take the air."

The change, nevertheless, proved popular, alas! and quite a number of editions between 1790 and 1800 contain more or less of these worldly additions.

No account of the *Primer* would be complete without some notice of the illustrations which alone, of all its contents, bid for popular favour from the children.

In the *Protestant Tutor*, as printed by Harris in 1716, is a frontispiece type-metal cut of George I. The *Primer* of 1737 gives a very fairly executed portrait of George II. In 1762, though news of the death of this monarch had reached Boston, yet in an edition of the *Primer* printed there in that year, there either was too little time or the printer was too economical to prepare a new cut, so an additional stroke of the burin changed a II. into III., and thus a portrait of George III. was improvised, which in its striking likeness to his father clearly shows the wonderful influence of heredity!

The *Primer* of 1770 was more historically correct, giving a genuine though very crude portrait of George III. Again, however, the printer was called upon, by the American Revolution, to change his frontispiece; and in 1776 the portrait of the Royal George was merely relabelled and came forth as the republican "John Hancock," the likeness between these two being, it is needless

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King GEORGE the Third,
Crown'd September 22d 1761

to say, very extraordinary, considering that they were representatives of such opposite parties. In the Boston edition of 1777 a correct portrait of Hancock was achieved, and in an edition printed in Hartford in the same year a portrait of Samuel Adams, another hero of the hour, was given. At the end of the Revolution the standard portrait became that of Washington ; and the only exception to the use of his features, when any portrait was given in subsequent editions, is one of Isaac Watts, printed in a Worcester edition issued about 1850.

The print of John Rogers at the stake has been mentioned. There is a picture of the cut in Fox's *Book of Martyrs ;* but this departs from the standard of the *Primer* cuts by not having wife and children present. The earliest cut found to include them is contained in the *New English Tutor*, and the identical block used in that work is also used in Harris's edition of the *Protestant Tutor* of 1716. Probably the most curious of all is that contained in the Albany edition of 1818, in which the guards were costumed in the local militia uniform of the day, with great plumes in their shakos.

In the *New English Tutor* a print is given of " The Pope or Man of Sin," which was originally, beyond question, a cut used to illustrate the signs of the zodiac in an almanac, for it is exactly like them with the exception of the addition of a tiara. To utilise the zodiacal lines and letters radiating from the body, Harris added a key or explanation which replaced Aries, Taurus, Cancer, Scorpion, etc., with Heresy, Disorder, Malice, Murder, Treachery, etc., and called on the " Child" to " behold that Man of Sin, the Pope, worthy thy utmost Hatred." This print was reproduced in the *Primer* of 1737 ; but no key was added, so that the " child" must have been not a little puzzled to know what the rays and letters meant.

There was a worse lapse, however, in this edition of 1737, for the last leaf prints an engraving which certainly was nothing more than the block of the queen in playing cards, for contemporary packs have just such queens. To find such a print in the godly *New England Primer* is perhaps the most curious fact yet known, and can only be accounted for by the probability that its purchasers were so ignorant of the appearance of the " Devil's picture cards" that they did not recognize its prototype.

The *New English Tutor* contained pic-

The President of the United States

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MR. JOHN ROGERS, Minister of the Gospel in *London*, was the first Martyr in Queen *Mary's* Reign, and was burnt at *Smithfield*, *February* 14th 1554. His Wife with nine small Children, and one at her Breast, following him to the Stake; with which sorrowful Sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful Patience died courageously for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. *Some*

tures of Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell; but these do not seem to have been repeated in the *Primer*. Kindred illustrations, however, of "Adam and Eve," the "Nativity and the Passion," "Christ's Death," and "The Ascension" were given in the Salem edition of 1784, and some of these prints were used in other issues printed in the decade 1790–1800. This Salem edition contained pictures of "a little Boy and Girl bestowing Charity" and "a good Boy and Girl at their Books." More important still was its inclusion of certain prints of animals taken from the *Royal Primer*, which, with the already described poems, was the first true bid for popularity the *Primer* had ever made. Some other worldly prints were included, among them two designed to teach the alphabet, no longer by Bible extracts, but by pictures of playthings, animals, etc.

This secularising was an attack by its friends from which the *Primer* never quite recovered, for the printers, having once found how much more salable such *Primers* were, and parents having found how much more readily their children learned, both united in encouraging more popular school-books, and very quickly illustrated *Primers*, which aimed to please rather than to torture, were multiplied. The *New England Primer* made a brave fight, but it was a hopeless task. Slowly printer after printer abandoned the printing of editions of the little book in favour of some more popular compilation. It was driven from the cities, then from the villages, and finally from the farm-houses. Editions were constantly printed, but steadily it lost its place as a book of instruction. In the schools it was replaced by other and better books; and though an edition was printed as recently as 1886, it is to be questioned if an American child to-day is being taught from the little book.

It is impossible to measure the work the *Primer* accomplished. If the Puritan exodus is viewed with the eyes of William Stoughton, who claimed that "God sifted a whole nation that He might send choice grain into this wilderness" is accepted, there was little work for the *Primer* to do. This, however, is a public speaker's view, and, therefore, probably approximated more to what would please his audience than to the truth. Certainly the court records of early New England reveal a condition akin to all frontier settlements in lawlessness and criminality, and in proportion show a greater percentage of all crimes than would be found even in our large cities of to-day, bearing out the statement of the Rev. John White, a leading Puritan, that a large part of the early settlers of New England were "a multitude of rude, ungovernable persons, the very scum of the land." It is related that a newly installed New England pastor said to a spinster parishioner: "I hope, madam, you believe in total depravity," and received the prompt response: "Oh, parson, what a fine doctrine it would be if folks only lived up to it." There was far more living up to total depravity in early New England than most people suspect; and when one reads the charges brought against them by their own ministers, it is not difficult to realise why the New England clergy dwelt so much on the terrors of hell; one even becomes sympathetic with the Presbyterian clergyman who said with disgust that "the Universalists believe that all men will be saved; but we hope for better things." But whatever the first years of New England were, the *Primer* and the school were at work, and what they

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did needs no other monument than the history of the last two hundred years. The *New England Primer* is dead, but it died on a victorious battlefield, and its epitaph may well be, as was written of Noah Webster's *Spelling Book*,

"It taught millions to read, and not one to sin."

Paul Leicester Ford.

THE CHART.

Where shall I find my Light?

Turn from another's track,
Chasing the day, or back
In caverns of yesternight;
Think not following all,
If, on thine upled feet,
Flakes of the phosphor fall!
Oracles overhead
Are never again for thee,
Nor at a magian's knee,
Under the hemlock tree,
Burns the illumining word.

Whence shall I take my Law?

Neither from sires nor sons,
Nor the delivered ones,
Holy, invoked with awe.
Rather dredge the divine
Out of thine own poor dust,
Feebly to speak and shine.
Schools shall be as they are:
Be thou truer, and stray
Alone, intent, and away,
In a savage wild to obey
A dim original star.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE QUEST.

Columbus-like, I sailed into the night,
The sunset gold to find:
Alas! 'twas but the phantom of the light!
Life's Indies lay behind!

John B. Tabb

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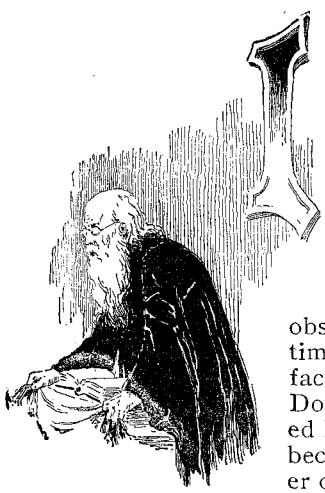
KATE CARNEGIE.*

By Ian Maclaren.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FEAR OF GOD.



IT was the way of the Free Kirk that the assisting minister at the Sacrament should sit behind the Communion Table during the sermon, and the congregation, without giving the faintest sign of observation, could estimate its effect on his face. When Doctor Dowbiggin composed himself to listen as became a Church leader of substantial build—his hands folded before him and his eyes fixed on the far window—and was so arrested by the opening passage of Cunningham's sermon on Justification by Faith that he visibly started, and afterward sat sideways with his ears cocked, Drumtochty, while doubtful whether any Muirtown man could appreciate the subtlety of their minister, had a higher idea of the Doctor; and when the Free Kirk minister of Kildrummie—a stout man and given to agricultural pursuits—went fast asleep under a masterly discussion of the priesthood of Melchisedek, Drumtochty's opinion of the intellectual condition of Kildrummie was confirmed beyond argument.

During his ministry of more than twenty years the Rabbi had never preached at Drumtochty—being fearful that he might injure the minister who invited him, or might be so restricted in time as to lead astray by ill-balanced statements—and as the keenest curiosity would never have induced any man to go from the Glen to worship in another parish, the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie was still unjudged in Drumtochty. They were not sorry to have the opportunity at last, for they had suffered not a little at the hands of Kilbogie in past years, and the coming event disturbed the flow of business at Muirtown market.

"Ye're tae hae the Doctor at laist," Mains said to Netherton—letting the luck-penny on a transaction in seed-corn stand over—"an' a'm jidgin' the time's no been lost. He's plainer an' easier tae follow then he wes at the affgo. Ma word"—contemplating the exercise before the Glen—"but ye 'ill aye get eneuch here and there tae cairry hame." Which shows what a man the Rabbi was, that on the strength of his possession a parish like Kilbogie could speak after this fashion to Drumtochty.

"He 'ill hae a fair trial, Mains"—Netherton's tone was distinctly severe—"an' mony a trial he's hed in his day, they say: wes't three an' twenty kirks he preached in, afore ye took him? But mind ye, length's nae standard in Drumtochty; na, na, it's no hoo muckle wind a man hes, but what like is the stuff that comes. It's bushels doon bye, but it's wecht up bye."

Any prejudice against the Rabbi, created by the boasting of a foolish parish not worthy of him, was reduced by his venerable appearance before the pulpit, and quite dispelled by his unfeigned delight in Carmichael's conduct of the "preliminaries." Twice he nodded approval to the reading of the hundredth Psalm, and although he stood with covered face during the prayer, he emerged full of sympathy. As his boy read the 53d of Isaiah the old man was moved well-nigh to tears, and on the giving out of the text from the parable of the Prodigal Son, the Rabbi closed his eyes with great expectation as one about to be fed with the finest of the wheat.

Carmichael has kept the sermon unto this day, and as often as he finds himself

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growing hard or supercilious, reads it from beginning to end. It is his hair shirt, to be worn from time to time next his soul for the wrongness in it and the mischief it did. He cannot understand how he could have said such things on a Sacrament morning and in the presence of the Rabbi, but indeed they were inevitable. When two tides meet there is ever a cruel commotion and ships are apt to be dashed on the rocks, and Carmichael's mind was in a "jabble" that day. The new culture, with its wider views of God and man, was fighting with the robust Calvinism in which every Scot is saturated, and the result was neither peace nor charity. Personally the lad was kindly and good-natured, intellectually he had become arrogant, intolerant, acrid, flinging out at old-fashioned views, giving quite unnecessary challenges, arguing with imaginary antagonists. It has ever seemed to me, although I suppose that history is against me, that if it be laid on any one to advocate a new view that will startle people, he ought of all men to be conciliatory and persuasive; but Carmichael was, at least in this time of fermentation, very exasperating and pugnacious, and so he drove the Rabbi to the only hard action of his life, wherein the old man suffered most, and which may be said to have led to his death.

Carmichael, like the Rabbi, had intended to preach that morning on the love of God, and thought he was doing so with some power. What he did was to take the Fatherhood of God and use it as a stick to beat Pharisees with, and under Pharisees he let it be seen that he included every person who still believed in the inflexible action of the moral laws and the austere majesty of God. Many good things he no doubt said, but each had an edge, and it cut deeply into the people of the old school. Had he seen the Rabbi, it would not have been possible for him to continue, but he only was conscious of Lachlan Campbell, with whom he had then a feud, and who, he imagined, had come to criticise him. So he went on his rasping way that Sacrament morning, as when one harrows the spring earth with iron teeth, exciting himself with every sentence to fresh crudities of thought and extravagances of opposition. But it only flashed on him that he had spoken foolishly when he came down from the pulpit, and found the Rabbi a shrunken figure in his chair before the Holy Table.

Discerning people, like Elspeth Macfadyen, saw the whole tragedy from beginning to end, and felt the pity of it keenly. For a while the Rabbi waited with fond confidence—for was not he to hear the best-loved of his boys—and he caught eagerly at a gracious expression, as if it had fallen from one of the Fathers. Anything in the line of faith would have pleased the Rabbi that day, who was as a little child and full of charity, in spite of his fierce doctrines. By-and-bye the light died away from his eyes as when a cloud comes over the face of the sun and the Glen grows cold and dreary. He opened his eyes and was amazed—looking at the people and questioning them what had happened to their minister. Suddenly he flushed as a person struck by a friend, and then, as one blow followed another, he covered his face with both hands, sinking lower and lower in his chair, till even that decorous people were almost shaken in their attention.

When Carmichael gave him the cup in the Sacrament the Rabbi's hand shook and he spilled some drops of the wine upon his beard, which all that day showed like blood on the silvery whiteness. Afterward he spoke in his turn to the communicants, and distinguished the true people of God from the multitude—to whom he held out no hope—by so many and stringent marks that Donald Menzies refused the Sacrament with a lamentable groan. And when the Sacrament was over and the time came for Carmichael to shake hands with the assisting minister in the vestry, the Rabbi had vanished, and he had no speech with him till they went through the garden together—very bleak it seemed in the winter dusk—unto the sermon that closed the services of the day.

"God's hand is heavy in anger on us both this day, John," and Carmichael was arrested by the awe and sorrow in the Rabbi's voice, "else . . . you had not spoken as you did this forenoon, nor would necessity be laid on me to speak . . . as I must this night.

"His ways are all goodness and truth, but they are oftentimes encompassed

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with darkness, and the burden He has laid on me is . . . almost more than I can bear; it will be heavy for you also.

"You will drink the wine of astonishment this night, and it will be strange if you do not . . . turn from the hand that pours it out, but you will not refuse the truth or . . . hate the preacher," and at the vestry door the Rabbi looked wistfully at Carmichael.

During the interval the lad had been ill at ease, suspecting from the Rabbi's manner at the Table, and the solemnity of his address, that he disapproved of the action sermon, but he did not for a moment imagine that the situation was serious. It is one of the disabilities of good-natured and emotional people, without much deepness of earth, to belittle the convictions and resolutions of strong natures, and to suppose that they can be talked away by a few pleasant, coaxing words.

The Rabbi had often yielded to Carmichael and his other boys in the ordinary affairs of life—in meat and drink and clothing, even unto the continuance of his snuffing. He had been most manageable and pliable—as a child in their hands—and so Carmichael was quite confident that he could make matters right with the old man about a question of doctrine as easily as about the duty of a midday meal. Certain bright and superficial people will only learn by some solitary experience that faith is reserved in friendship, and that the most heroic souls are those which count all things loss—even the smile of those they love—for the eternal. For a moment Carmichael was shaken as if a new Rabbi were before him; then he remembered the study of Kilbogie and all things that had happened therein, and his spirits rose.

"How dare you suggest such wickedness, Rabbi, that any of us should ever criticise or complain of anything you say. Whatever you give us will be right, and do us good, and in the evening you will tell me all I said wrong."

Saunderson looked at Carmichael for ten seconds as one who has not been understood and sighed. Then he went down the kirk after the beadle, and the people marked how he walked like a man who was afraid he might fall, and, turning a corner, he supported himself on the end of a pew. As he crept up the pulpit stairs Elspeth gave James a look, and, although well accustomed to the slowness of his understanding, was amazed that he did not catch the point. Even a man might have seen that this was not the same minister that came in to the Sacrament with hope in his very step.

"A'm no here tae say 'that a kent what wes comin' "—Elspeth, like all experts, was strictly truthful—"for the like o' that wes never heard in Drumtochty, and noo that Doctor Saunderson is awa, will never be heard again in Scotland. A jaloused that vials wud be opened an' a wesna wrang, but ma certes"—and that remarkable woman left you to understand that no words in human speech could even hint at the contents of the vials.

When the Rabbi gave out his text, "Vessels of wrath," in a low, awestruck voice, Carmichael began to be afraid, but after a little he chid himself for foolishness. During half an hour the Rabbi traced the doctrine of the Divine Sovereignty through Holy Scripture with a characteristic wealth of allusion to Fathers ancient and reforming, and once or twice he paused as if he would have taken up certain matters at greater length, but restrained himself, simply asserting the Pauline character of St. Augustine's thinking, and exposing the looseness of Clement of Alexandria with a wave of the hand as one hurrying on to his destination.

"Dear old Rabbi"—Carmichael congratulated himself in his pew—"what need he have made so many apologies for his subject? He is going to enjoy himself, and he is sure to say something beautiful before he is done." But he was distinctly conscious all the same of a wish that the Rabbi were done and all . . . well, uncertainty over. For there was a note of anxiety, almost of horror, in the Rabbi's voice, and he had not let the Fathers go so lightly unless under severe constraint. What was it? Surely he would not attack their minister in face of his people. . . . The Rabbi do that, who was in all his ways a gentleman? Yet . . . and then the Rabbi abruptly quitted historical exposition and announced that he would speak on four heads. Twice Carmichael, from

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his corner behind the curtains, saw the old man open his mouth as if to speak, and when at last he began he was quivering visibly, and he had grasped the outer corners of the desk with such intensity that the tassels which hung therefrom—one of the minor glories of the Free Kirk—were held in the palm of his hand, the long red tags escaping from between his white wasted fingers. A pulpit lamp came between Carmichael and the Rabbi's face, but he could see the straining hand, which did not relax till it was lifted in the last awful appeal, and the white and red had a gruesome fascination. It seemed as if one had clutched a cluster of full, rich, tender grapes and was pressing them in an agony till their life ran out in streams of blood and dripped upon the heads of the choir sitting beneath, in their fresh, hopeful youth. And it also came to Carmichael with pathetic conviction even then that every one was about to suffer, but the Rabbi more than they all together. While the preacher was strengthening his heart for the work before him, Carmichael's eye was attracted by the landscape that he could see through the opposite window. The ground sloped upward from the kirk to a pine wood that fringed the great muir, and it was covered with snow on which the moon was beginning to shed her faint, weird light. Within, the light from the upright lamps was falling on the ruddy, contented faces of men and women and little children, but without it was one cold, merciless whiteness like unto the justice of God, with black shadows of judgment.

"This is the message which I have to deliver unto you in the name of the Lord, and even as Jonah was sent to Nineveh after a strange discipline with a word of mercy, so am I constrained against my will to carry a word of searching and trembling.

"First"—and between the heads the Rabbi paused as one whose breath had failed him—"every man belongs absolutely to God by his creation.

"Second. The purpose of God about each man precedes his creation.

"Third. Some are destined to Salvation, and some to Damnation.

"Fourth"—here the hard breathing became a sob—"each man's lot is unto the glory of God."

It was not only skilled theologians like Lachlan Campbell and Burnbrae, but even mere amateurs who understood that they were that night to be conducted to the farthest limit of Calvinism, and that whoever fell behind through the hardness of the way, their guide would not flinch.

As the Rabbi gave the people a brief space wherein to grasp his heads in their significance, Carmichael remembered a vivid incident in the Presbytery of Muirtown, when an English evangelist had addressed that reverend and austere court with exhilarating confidence—explaining the extreme simplicity of the Christian faith, and showing how a minister ought to preach. Various good men were delighted, and asked many questions of the evangelist—who had kept a baby-linen shop for twenty years, and was unspoiled by the slightest trace of theology—but the Rabbi arose and demolished his "teaching," convicting him of heresy at every turn, till there was not left one stone upon another.

"But surely fear belongs to the Old Testament dispensation," said the unabashed little man to the Rabbi afterward. "'Rejoice,' you know, my friend, 'and again I say rejoice.'"

"If it be the will of God that such a man as I should ever stand on the sea of glass mingled with fire, then this tongue will be lifted with the best, but so long as my feet are still in the fearful pit it becometh me to bow my head."

"Then you don't believe in assurance?" but already the evangelist was quailing before the Rabbi.

"Verily there is no man that hath not heard of that precious gift, and none who does not covet it greatly, but there be two degrees of assurance"—here the Rabbi looked sternly at the happy, rotund little figure—"and it is with the first you must begin, and what you need to get is assurance of your damnation."

One of the boys read an account of this incident thinly veiled—in a reported address of the evangelist, in which the Rabbi—being, as it was inferred, beaten in scriptural argument—was very penitent and begged his teacher's pardon with streaming tears. What really happened was different, and so

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absolutely conclusive that Doctor Dowbiggin gave it as his opinion "that a valuable lesson had been read to unauthorised teachers of religion."

Carmichael recognised the same note in the sermon and saw another man than he knew, as the Rabbi, in a low voice, without heat or declamation, with frequent pauses and laboured breathing, as of one toiling up a hill, argued the absolute supremacy of God and the utter helplessness of man. One hand ever pressed the grapes, but with the other the old man wiped the perspiration that rolled in beads down his face. A painful stillness fell on the people as they felt themselves caught in the meshes of this inexorable net and dragged ever nearer to the abyss. Carmichael, who had been leaning forward in his place, tore himself away from the preacher with an effort, and moved where he could see the congregation. Campbell was drinking in every word as one for the first time in his life perfectly satisfied. Menzies was huddled into a heap in the top of his pew as one justly blasted by the anger of the Eternal. Men were white beneath the tan, and it was evident that some of the women would soon fall a-weeping. Children had crept close to their mothers under a vague sense of danger, and a girl in the choir watched the preacher with dilated eyeballs, like an animal fascinated by terror.

"It is as a sword piercing the heart to receive this truth, but it is a truth and must be believed. There are hundreds of thousands in the past who were born and lived and died and were damned for the glory of God. There are hundreds of thousands in this day who have been born and are living and shall die and be damned for the glory of God. There are hundreds of thousands in the future who shall be born and shall live and shall die and shall be damned for the glory of God. All according to the will of God, and none dare say nay nor change the purpose of the Eternal." For some time the oil in the lamps had been failing—since the Rabbi had been speaking for nigh two hours—and as he came to an end of this passage the light began to flicker and die. First a lamp at the end of Burnbrae's pew went out and then another in the front. The preacher made as though he would have spoken, but was silent, and the congregation watched four lamps sink into darkness at intervals of half a minute. There only remained the two pulpit lamps, and in their light the people saw the Rabbi lift his right hand for the first time.

"Shall . . . not . . . the . . . Judge . . . of all the earth . . . do . . . right?" The two lamps went out together, and a great sigh rose from the people. At the back of the kirk a child wailed and somewhere in the front a woman's voice—it was never proved to be Elspeth Macfadyen—said audibly, "God have mercy upon us." The Rabbi had sunk back into the seat and buried his face in his hands, and through the window over his head the moonlight was pouring into the church like unto the far-off radiance from the White Throne.

When Carmichael led the Rabbi into the manse he could feel the old man trembling from head to foot, and he would touch neither meat nor drink, nor would he speak for a space.

"Are you there, John?"—and he put out his hand to Carmichael, who had placed him in the big study chair, and was sitting beside him in silence.

"I dare not withdraw nor change any word that I spake in the name of the Lord this day, but . . . it is my infirmity. . . . I wish I had never been born."

"It was awful," said Carmichael, and the Rabbi's head again fell on his breast.

"John"—and Saunderson looked up—"I would give ten thousand worlds to stand in the shoes of that good man who conveyed me from Kilbogie yesterday, and with whom I had very pleasant fellowship concerning the patience of the saints.

"It becometh not any human being to judge his neighbour, but it seemed to me from many signs that he was within the election of God, and even as we spoke of Polycarp and the martyrs who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb, it came unto me with much power, 'Lo, here is one beside you whose name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and who shall enter through the gates into the city;' and grace was given me to rejoice in his

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joy, but I . . . "—and Carmichael could have wept for the despair in the Rabbi's voice.

"Dear Rabbi!"—for once the confidence of youth was smitten at the sight of a spiritual conflict beyond its depth—"you are surely . . . depreciating yourself. . . . Burnbrae is a good man, but compared with you . . . is not this like to the depression of Elijah?" Carmichael knew, however, he was not fit for such work, and had better have held his peace.

"It may be that I understand the letter of Holy Scripture better than some of God's children, although I be but a babe even in this poor knowledge, but such gifts are only as the small dust of the balance. He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy.

"John," said the Rabbi suddenly, and with strong feeling, "was it your thought this night as I declared the sovereignty of God that I judged myself of the elect, and was speaking as one himself hidden forever in the secret place of God?"

"I . . . did not know," stammered Carmichael, whose utter horror at the unrelenting sermon had only been tempered by his love for the preacher.

WRESTLING IN DARKNESS OF SOUL.

"You did me wrong, John, for then had I not dared to speak at all after that fashion; it is not for a vessel of mercy filled unto overflowing with the love of God to exalt himself above the vessels . . . for whom there is no mercy. But he may plead with them who are in like case with himself to . . . acknowledge the Divine Justice."

Then the pathos of the situation overcame Carmichael, and he went over to the bookcase and leant his head against certain volumes, because they were weighty and would not yield. Next day he noticed that one of them was a Latin Calvin that had travelled over Europe in learned company, and the other a battered copy of Jonathan Edwards that had come from the house of an Ayrshire farmer.

"Forgive me that I have troubled you with the concerns of my soul, John"—the Rabbi could only stand with an effort—"they ought to be between a man and his God. There is another work laid to my hand for which there is no power in me now. During the night I shall ask whether the cup may not pass from me, but if not, the will of God be done."

Carmichael slept but little, and every time he woke the thought was heavy upon him that on the other side of a narrow wall the holiest man he knew was wrestling in darkness of soul, and that he had added to the biterness of the agony.

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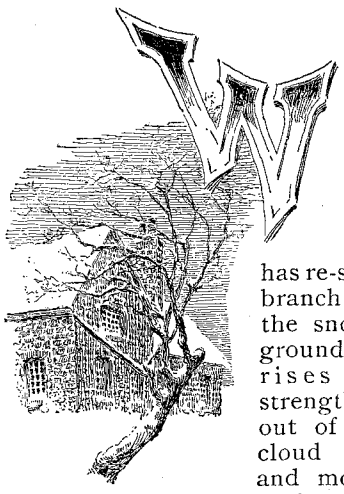
CHAPTER XX.

THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND.



WINTER has certain mornings which redeem weeks of misconduct, when the hoar frost during the night has re-silvered every branch and braced the snow upon the ground, and the sun rises in ruddy strength and drives out of sight every cloud and mist, and moves all day through an expanse of unbroken blue, and is reflected from the dazzling whiteness of the earth as from a mirror. Such a sight calls a man from sleep with authority, and makes his blood tingle, and puts new heart in him, and banishes the troubles of the night. Other mornings winter joins in the conspiracy of principalities and powers to daunt and crush the human soul. No sun is to be seen, and the grey atmosphere casts down the heart, the wind moans and whistles in fitful gusts, the black clouds hang low in threatening masses, now and again a flake of snow drifts in the wind. A storm is near at hand, not the thunder-shower of summer, with warm rain and the kindly sun in ambush, but dark and blinding snow, through which even a gamekeeper cannot see six yards, and in which weary travellers lie down to rest and die.

The melancholy of this kind of day had fallen on Saunderson, whose face was ashen, and who held Carmichael's hand with such anxious affection that it was impossible to enquire how he had slept, and would have been a banalité to remark upon the weather. After the Rabbi had been compelled to swallow a cup of milk by way of breakfast, it was evident that he was ready for speech.

"What is it, Rabbi?" as soon as they were again settled in the study. "If you did not . . . like my sermon, tell me at once. You know that I am one of your boys, and you ought to . . . help me." Perhaps it was inseparable from his youth, with its buoyancy and self-satisfaction, and his training in a college whose members only knew by rumour of the existence of other places of theological learning, that Carmichael had a distinct sense of humility and charity. Had it been a matter of scholastic lore, of course neither he nor more than six men in Scotland could have met the Rabbi in the gate. With regard to modern thought, Carmichael knew that the good Rabbi had not read *Ecce Homo*, and was hardly, well . . . up to date. He would not for the world hint such a thing to the dear old man, or even argue with him; but it was flattering to remember that the attack could be merely one of blunderbusses, in which the modern thinker would at last intervene and save the ancient scholar from humiliation.

"Well, Rabbi?" and Carmichael tried to make it easy.

"Before I say what is on my heart, John, you will grant an old man who loves you one favour. So far as in you lies you will bear with me if that which I have to say, and still more that which my conscience will compel me to do, is hard to flesh and blood."

"Didn't we settle that last night in the vestry?" and Carmichael was impatient; "is it that you do not agree with the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood? We younger men are resolved to base Christian doctrine on the actual Scriptures, and to ignore mere tradition."

"An excellent rule, my dear friend," cried the Rabbi, wonderfully quickened by the challenge, "and with your permission and for our mutual edification we shall briefly review all passages bearing on the subject in hand—using the original, as will doubtless be your wish, and you correcting my poor recollection."

About an hour afterward, and when the Rabbi was only entering into the heart of the matter, Carmichael made the bitter discovery—without the Rabbi having even hinted at such a thing—that his pet sermon was a mass of boyish crudities, and this reverse of circumstances was some excuse for his pettishness.

"It does not seem to me that it is worth our time to haggle about the usage of Greek words to count texts;

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I ground my position on the general meaning of the Gospels and the sense of things," and Carmichael stood on the hearthrug in a very superior attitude.

"Let that pass then, John, and forgive me if I appeared to battle about words, as certain scholars of the olden time were fain to do, for in truth it is rather about the hard duty before me than any imperfection in your teaching I would speak," and the Rabbi glanced nervously at the young minister.

"We are both Presbyters of Christ's Church, ordained after the order of primitive times, and there is laid on us certain heavy charges and responsibilities from which we may not shrink, as we shall answer to the Lord at the great day."

Carmichael's humiliation was lost in perplexity, and he sat down, wondering what the Rabbi intended.

"If any Presbyter should see his brother fall into one of those faults of private life that do beset us all in our present weakness, then he doth well and kindly to point it out unto his brother; and if his brother should depart from the faith as they talk together by the way, then it is a Presbyter's part to convince him of his error and restore him."

The Rabbi cast an imploring glance, but Carmichael had still no understanding.

"But if one Presbyter should teach heresy to his flock in the hearing of another . . . even though it break the other's heart, is not the path of duty fenced up on either side, verily a straight, narrow way, and hard for the feet to tread?"

"You have spoken to me, Rabbi, and . . . cleared yourself"—Carmichael was still somewhat sore—"and I'll promise not to offend you again in any action sermon."

"Albeit you intend it not so, yet are you making it harder for me to speak. . . . See you not . . . that I . . . that necessity is laid on me to declare this matter to my brother Presbyters in court assembled . . . but not in hearing of the people?" Then there was a stillness in the room, and the Rabbi, although he had closed his eyes, was conscious of the amazement on the young man's face.

"Do you mean to say," speaking very slowly, as one taken utterly aback, "that our Rabbi would come to my . . . to the Sacrament and hear me preach, and . . . report me for heresy to the Presbytery? Rabbi, I know we don't agree about some things, and perhaps I was a little . . . annoyed a few minutes ago because you . . . know far more than I do, but that is nothing. For you to prosecute one of your boys and be the witness yourself. . . . Rabbi, you can't mean it . . . say it's a mistake."

The old man only gave a deep sigh.

"If it were Dowbiggin or . . . any man except you, I wouldn't care one straw, rather enjoy the debate, but you whom we have loved and looked up to and boasted about, why, it's like . . . a father turning against his sons."

The Rabbi made no sign.

"You live too much alone, Rabbi," and Carmichael began again as the sense of the tragedy grew on him, "and nurse your conscience till it gets over tender; no other man would dream of . . . prosecuting a . . . fellow-minister in such circumstances. You have spoken to me like a father, surely that is enough," and in his honest heat the young fellow knelt down by the Rabbi's chair and took his hand.

A tear rolled down the Rabbi's cheek, and he looked fondly at the lad.

"Your words pierce me as sharp swords, John; spare me, for I can do none otherwise; all night I wrestled for release, but in vain."

Carmichael had a sudden revulsion of feeling, such as befalls emotional and ill-disciplined natures when they are disappointed and mortified.

"Very good, Doctor Saunderson"—Carmichael rose awkwardly and stood on the hearthrug again, an elbow on the mantelpiece—"you must do as you please and think right. I am sorry that I . . . pressed you so far, but it was on grounds of our . . . friendship.

"Perhaps you will tell me as soon as you can what you propose to do and when you will bring . . . this matter before the Presbyter. My sermon was fully written and . . . is at your disposal."

While this cold rain beat on the Rabbi's head he moved not, but at its close he looked at Carmichael with the appeal of a dumb animal in his eyes.

"The first meeting of Presbytery is

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on Monday, but you would no doubt consider that too soon; is there anything about dates in the order of procedure for heresy?" and Carmichael made as though he would go over to the shelves for a law book.

"John," cried the Rabbi—his voice full of tears—rising and following the foolish lad, "is this all you have in your heart to say unto me? Surely, as I stand before you, it is not my desire to do this thing, for I would rather cut off my right hand.

"God hath not been pleased to give me many friends, and He only knows how you and the others have comforted my heart. I lie not, John, but speak the truth, that there is nothing unto life itself I would not give for your good, who have been as the apple of my eye unto me."

Carmichael hardened himself, torn between a savage sense of satisfaction that the Rabbi was suffering for his foolishness and an inclination of his better self to respond to the old man's love.

"If there be a breach between us, it will not be for you as it must be for me. You have many friends, and may God add unto them good men and faithful, but I shall lose my one earthly joy and consolation when your feet are no longer heard on my threshold and your face no longer brings light to my room. And, John, even this thing which I am constrained to do is yet of love, as . . . you shall confess one day."

Carmichael's pride alone resisted, and it was melting fast. Had he even looked at the dear face, he must have given way, but he kept his shoulder to the Rabbi, and at that moment the sound of wheels passing the corner of the manse gave him an ungracious way of escape.

"That is Burnbrae's dogcart . . . Doctor Saunderson, and I think he will not wish to keep his horse standing in the snow, so unless you will stay all night, as it's going to drift. . . . Then perhaps it would be better. . . . Can I assist you in packing?" How formal it all sounded, and he allowed the Rabbi to go upstairs alone, with the result that various things of the old man's are in Carmichael's house unto this day.

Another chance was given the lad when the Rabbi would have bidden him good-bye at the door, beseeching that he should not come out into the drift, and still another when Burnbrae, being concerned about his passenger's appearance, who seemed ill fitted to face a storm, wrapped him in a plaid; and he had one more when the old man leant out of the dogcart and took Carmichael's hand in both of his, but only said, "God bless you for all you've been to me, and forgive me for all wherein I have failed you." And they did not meet again till that never-to-be-forgotten sederunt of the Free Kirk Presbytery of Muirtown, when the minister of Kilbogie accused the minister of Drumtochty of teaching the Linlathen heresy of the Fatherhood of God in a sermon before the Sacrament.

Among all the institutions of the North a Presbytery is the most characteristic, and affords a standing illustration of the contradictions of a superbly logical people. It is so anti-clerical a court that for every clergyman there must also be a layman—country ministers promising to bring in their elder for great occasions, and instructing him audibly how to vote—and so fiercely clerical that if the most pious and intelligent elder dared to administer a sacrament he would be at once tried and censured for sacrilege. So careful is a Presbytery to prevent the beginnings of Papacy that it insists upon each of its members occupying the chair in turn, and dismisses him again into private life as soon as he has mastered his duties, but so imbued is it with the idea of authority that whatever decision may be given by some lad of twenty-five in the chair—duly instructed, however, by the clerk below—will be rigidly obeyed. When a Presbytery has nothing else to do, it dearly loves to pass a general condemnation on sacerdotalism, in which the tyranny of prelates and the foolishness of vestments will be fully exposed, but a Presbytery wields a power at which a bishop's hair would stand on end, and Doctor Dowbiggin once made Carmichael leave the Communion Table and go into the vestry to put on his bands.

When a Presbytery is in its lighter moods, it gives itself to points of order with a skill and relish beyond the Southern imagination. It did not matter how harmless, even infantile, might be the proposal placed before the court by such a man as MacWheep of Pitscourie, he would hardly have got past an apol-

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ogy for his presumption in venturing to speak at all, before a member of Presbytery—who had reduced his congregation to an irreducible minimum by the woodenness of his preaching—would enquire whether the speech of "our esteemed brother was not ultra vires" or something else as awful. MacWheep would at once sit down with the air of one taken red-handed in crime, and the court would debate the point till every authority had taken his fill, when the clerk would submit to the moderator, with a fine blend of deference and infallibility, that Mr. MacWheep was perfectly within his rights; and then, as that estimable person had lost any thread he ever possessed, the Presbytery would pass to the next business—with the high spirit of men returning from a holiday. Carmichael used, indeed, to relate how in a great stress of business some one moved that the Presbytery should adjourn for dinner, and the court argued for seventy minutes, with many precedents, whether such a motion—touching as it did the standing orders—could even be discussed, and with an unnecessary prodigality of testimony he used to give perorations which improved with every telling.

The love of law diffused through the Presbytery became incarnate in the clerk, who was one of the most finished specimens of his class in the Scottish Kirk. His sedate appearance, bald, polished head, fringed with pure white hair, shrewd face, with neatly cut side whiskers, his suggestion of unerring accuracy and inexhaustible memory, his attitude for exposition—holding his glasses in his left hand and enforcing his decision with the little finger of the right hand—carried conviction even to the most disorderly. Ecclesiastical radicals, boiling over with new schemes and boasting to admiring circles of MacWheeps that they would not be browbeaten by red tape officials, would become ungrammatical before that firm gaze, and end in abject surrender. Self-contained and self-sufficing, the clerk took no part in debate, save at the critical moment to lay down the law, but wrote his minutes unmoved through torrents of speech on every subject, from the Sustentation Fund to the Union between England and Scotland, and even under the picturesque eloquence of foreign deputies, whom he invariably requested to write their names on a sheet of paper. On two occasions only he ceased from writing: when Dr. Dowbiggin discussed a method of procedure—then he watched him over his spectacles in hope of a nice point; or when some enthusiastic brother would urge the Presbytery to issue an injunction on the sin of Sabbath walking—then the clerk would abandon his pen in visible despair, and sitting sideways on his chair and supporting his head by that same little finger, would face the Presbytery with an expression of reverent curiosity on his face why the Creator was pleased to create such a man. His preaching was distinguished for orderliness, and was much sought after for Fast days. It turned largely on the use of prepositions and the scope of conjunctions, so that the clerk could prove the doctrine of Vicarious Sacrifice from "instead," and Retribution from "as" in the Lord's Prayer, emphasising and confirming everything by that wonderful finger, which seemed to be designed by Providence for delicate distinctions, just as another man's fist served for popular declamation. His pulpit masterpiece was a lecture on the Council of Jerusalem, in which its whole proceedings were reviewed by the rules of the Free Kirk Book of Order, and a searching and edifying discourse concluded with two lessons. First: That no ecclesiastical body can conduct its proceedings without officials. Second: That such men ought to be accepted as a special gift of Providence.

The general opinion among good people was that the clerk's preaching was rather for upbuilding than arousing, but it is still remembered by the survivors of the old Presbytery that when MacWheep organised a conference on "The state of religion in our congregations," and it was meandering in strange directions, the clerk, who utilised such seasons for the writing of letters, rose amid a keen revival of interest—it was supposed that he had detected an irregularity in the proceedings—and offered his contribution. "It did not become him to boast," he said, "but he had seen marvellous things in his day: under his unworthy ministry three church officers had been converted to Christianity," and this experience was so final that the conference immediately closed.

Times there were, however, when the

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Presbytery rose to its height and was invested with an undeniable spiritual dignity. Its members, taken one by one, consisted of farmers, shepherds, tradesmen, and one or two professional men, with some twenty ministers, only two or three of whom were known beyond their parishes. Yet those men had no doubt that as soon as they were constituted in the name of Christ, they held their authority from the Son of God and Saviour of the world, and they bore themselves in spiritual matters as His servants. No kindly feeling of neighbourliness or any fear of man could hinder them from inquiring into the religious condition of a parish or dealing faithfully with an erring minister. They had power to ordain, and laid hands on the bent head of some young probationer with much solemnity; they had also power to take away the orders they had given, and he had been hardened indeed beyond hope who could be present and not tremble when the Moderator, standing in his place, with the Presbytery around, and speaking in the name of the Head of the Church, deposed an unworthy brother from the holy ministry. MacWheep was a "cratur," and much given to twaddle, but when it was his duty once to rebuke a fellow-minister for quarrelling with his people, he was delivered from himself, and spake with such grave wisdom as he has never shown before or since.

When the Presbytery assembled to receive a statement from Doctor Saunderson "*re* error in doctrine by a brother Presbyter," even a stranger might have noticed that its members were weighted with a sense of responsibility, and although a discussion arose on the attempt of a desultory member to introduce a deputy charged with the subject of the lost ten tribes, yet it was promptly squelched by the clerk, who intimated, with much gravity, that the court had met in hunc effectum—viz., to hear Doctor Saunderson, and that the court could not, in consistence with law, take up any other business, not even—here Carmichael professed to detect a flicker of the clerkly eyelids—the disappearance of the ten tribes.

It was the last time that the Rabbi ever spoke in public, and it is now agreed that the deliverance was a fit memorial of the most learned scholar that has been ever known in those parts. He began by showing that Christian doctrine has taken various shapes, some more and some less in accordance with the deposit of truth given by Christ and the holy Apostles, and especially that the doctrine of Grace had been differently conceived by two eminent theologians, Calvin and Arminius, and his exposition was so lucid that the clerk gave it as his opinion that the two systems were understood by certain members of the court for the first time that day. Afterward the Rabbi vindicated and glorified Calvinism from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, from the Fathers, from the Reformation Divines, from the later creeds, till the brain of the Presbytery reeled through the wealth of allusion and quotation, all in the tongues of the learned. Then he dealt with the theology of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, and showed how it was undermining the very foundations of Calvinism; yet the Rabbi spake so tenderly of our Scottish Maurice that the Presbytery knew not whether it ought to condemn Erskine as a heretic or love him as a saint. Having thus brought the court face to face with the issues involved, the Rabbi gave a sketch of a certain sermon he had heard while assisting "a learned and much-beloved brother at the Sacrament," and Carmichael was amazed at the transfiguration of his very youthful performance, which now figured as a profound and edifying discourse, for whose excellent qualities the speaker had not adequate words. This fine discourse was, however, to a certain degree marred by an unfortunate, no doubt temporary, leaning to the teaching of Mr. Erskine, whose beautiful piety, which was to himself in his worldliness and unprofitableness a salutary rebuke, had exercised its just fascination upon his much more spiritual brother. Finally the Rabbi left the matter in the hands of the Presbytery, declaring that he had cleared his conscience, and that the minister was one—here he was painfully overcome—dear to him as a son, and to whose many labours and singular graces he could bear full testimony, the Rev. John Carmichael, of Drumtochty. The Presbytery was slow and pedantic, but was not insensible to a spiritual situation, and there was a murmur of sympathy when the Rabbi sat down—much

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exhausted, and never having allowed himself to look once at Carmichael.

Then arose a self-made man, who considered orthodoxy and capital to be bound up together, and especially identified any departure from sovereignty with that pestilent form of Socialism which demanded equal chances for every man. He was only a plain layman, he said, and perhaps he ought not to speak in the presence of so many reverend gentlemen, but he was very grateful to Doctor Saunderson for his honourable and straightforward conduct. It would be better for the Church if there were more like him, and he would just like to ask Mr. Carmichael one or two questions. Did he sign the Confession?—that was one; and had he kept it?—that was two; and the last was, When did he propose to go? He knew something about building contracts, and he had heard of a penalty when a contract was broken. There was just one thing more he would like to say—if there was less loose theology in the pulpit there would be more money in the plate. The shame of the Rabbi during this harangue was pitiable to behold.

HIS ATTITUDE FOR EXPOSITION.

Then a stalwart arose on the other side, and a young gentleman who had just escaped from a college debating society wished to know what century we were living in, warned the last speaker that the progress of theological science would not be hindered by mercenary threats, advised Doctor Saunderson to read a certain German called Ritschl—as if he had been speaking to a babe in arms—and was refreshing himself with a Latin quotation, when the Rabbi, in utter absence of mind, corrected a false quantity aloud.

"Moderator," the old man apologised in much confusion, "I wot not what I did, and I pray my reverend brother, whose interesting address I have interrupted by this unmannerliness, to grant me his pardon, for my tongue simply obeyed my ear." Which untoward incident brought the modern to an end, as by a stroke of ironical fate. It seemed to the clerk that little good to any one concerned was to come out of this debate, and he signalled to Doctor Dowbiggin, with whom he had dined the night before, and concocted a motion over their wine. Whereupon that astute man explained to the court that he did not desire to curtail the valuable discussion, from which he personally had derived much profit, but he had ventured to draw up a motion, simply for the guidance of the House—it was said by the Rabbi's boys that the Doctor's success as an ecclesiastic was largely due to the skilful use of such phrases—and then he read: "Whereas the Church is set in all her courts for the defence of the truth, whereas it is reported that various erroneous doctrines are being promulgated in books and other public prints, whereas it has been stated that one of the ministers of this Presbytery has used words that might be supposed to give sanction to a certain view which appears to conflict with statements contained in the standards of the Church, the Presbytery of Muir-

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town declares, first of all, its unshaken adherence to the said standards, secondly deplores the existence in any quarter of notions contradictory or subversive of said standards, thirdly thanks Doctor Saunderson for the vigilance he has shown in the cause of sound doctrine, fourthly calls upon all ministers within the bounds to have a care that they create no offence by their teaching, and finally enjoins all parties concerned to cultivate peace and charity."

This motion was seconded by the clerk and carried unanimously—Carmichael being compelled to silence by the two wise men for his own sake and theirs—and was declared to be a conspicuous victory both by the self-made man and the modern, which was another tribute to the ecclesiastical gifts of Doctor Dowbiggin and the clerk of the Presbytery of Muirtown.

(*To be continued.*)

LONDON LETTER.

Mr. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle."

Mr. Shorter has now completed his long-contemplated book on *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, and it will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in London, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in New York during the month of October. For many years Mr. Shorter has been an ardent student of the Brontës, and has given proof in various ways of unusual sympathy and knowledge. He wisely resolved, however, to postpone publication until he had exhausted all possible sources of information. Having done so, he has now prepared a work which for sustained interest and permanent value can have very few rivals among the books of this or any year.

The peculiarity of Mr. Shorter's book is that it is all original. Practically nothing has been used that has appeared anywhere else. Although there has been a large amount of Brontë literature, it may be confidently said that the only work of permanent worth yet issued is Mrs. Gaskell's wonderful biography, to the merits of which Mr. Shorter pays a warm tribute after an investigation so thorough as to put his judgment beyond appeal. Mrs. Gaskell had the assistance throughout of Miss Ellen Nussey's large collection of letters. These she used with much judgment and very copiously. She had also the advantage of being a contemporary, and she enjoyed what was more than an acquaintanceship, though scarcely an intimacy with Charlotte Brontë herself. Her book was written with the sanction of Charlotte Brontë's father and husband; but they were very little consulted in its preparation, and were by no means entirely satisfied with the result. Among the subsequent books on the subject, perhaps the best known is that of Sir Thomas Wemyss Reid. Sir Thomas, at the time when his book was written, was editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and he had access to all the manuscripts of Miss Nussey. But these had been so well employed by Mrs. Gaskell that there was little left to glean, and much of his volume is made up of matter that had previously been published. The main point that is new is the attempt to show that Charlotte Brontë, when in Brussels, fell in love with M. Héger, her teacher; but, as we shall see, this view is at least open to grave doubt. Another work which gives many particulars of Branwell Brontë by one who knew him is of very little value, and is discredited by an attempt to make out that Branwell Brontë had a hand in the composition of *Wuthering Heights*. Mr. Shorter is able to disprove this by showing that Branwell Brontë was never aware that his sisters had published anything. Dr. Wright's recently published work on *The Brontës in Ireland* is exceedingly racy and graphic; but Mr. Shorter, who is confirmed in this by Miss Nussey and Mr. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Brontë, is unable to accept it as history. The other books on the subject are hardly worth mentioning.

From the beginning Mr. Shorter has had the assistance of Miss Nussey, who has opened to him stores previously undisclosed, besides at every point aid-

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ing him by her thorough knowledge of the subject and her excellent judgment. He has also obtained the very numerous and valuable letters written by Miss Brontë to her friend and "discoverer," Mr. W. S. Williams, of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company. These letters have only been very partially used hitherto, and they are perhaps the best that Charlotte ever wrote. But his main advantage has been the possession of the very many manuscripts by the Brontës in the possession of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, who survives in an advanced but vigorous old age. Mr. Nicholls has in the kindest manner placed his precious stores at Mr. Shorter's disposal, and has supplied personal information of the utmost value and interest on many disputed points. Other old friends of the Brontës have come forward with materials only second in interest to these, and there is every probability that this will be the final work on the Brontës. It may be that some documents are still in existence in the hands of the Héger family which have not been at the biographer's disposal; and Charlotte Brontë's publisher, Mr. George Smith, of the firm of Smith, Elder and Company, is also understood to possess a number of letters. But these two sources excepted, it is difficult to understand where new matter can now come from. Mr. Shorter has mainly made use of letters, and better reading could not be desired. It is not too much to say that Charlotte Brontë never wrote a poor letter, and to my mind her correspondence gains much by being printed in full. She touches upon very many subjects, personal and literary, and always has something to say that is worth reading. The manuscript work in poetry and fiction which Mr. Shorter has become possessed of will be utilised as far as seems wise in an edition of the Brontë novels to be edited by the present writer, and much of it will be found of the highest importance. But Mr. Shorter's work is essentially of a biographical kind.

I do not propose to review the book at the present stage, but merely to give impatient readers a foretaste of what awaits them. The biographer commences with an elaborate article on Mrs. Gaskell, part of which has been already published. He there defines his own relation and that of his book to Mrs. Gaskell's great work. His first chapter is on Patrick Brontë and Maria, his wife. He rightly considers that Mrs. Gaskell was unjust to old Mr. Brontë, and that the stories about him were largely due to the chatter of a dismissed servant. Of Maria Brontë, the mother of Charlotte, of whom so little is known, he gives nine letters. They will be read with the deepest interest and must leave a most favourable impression. Mr. Brontë long survived his daughters, dying in 1861 at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Shorter prints his will, in which he leaves his property to "my beloved and esteemed son-in-law, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, B.A." Next are discussed Charlotte Brontë's school and governess life. We have for the first time full particulars of Charlotte Brontë's experiences as a governess. They are related mainly in letters to Miss Nussey, to her brother, the Rev. Henry Nussey, who was one of Charlotte's lovers, and to Miss Mercy Nussey, and to her sister Emily. Next is taken up Charlotte Brontë's life in that momentous period of her life which she spent in Brussels. In this the biographer has had the assistance of Miss Lætitia Wheelright, who was one of Charlotte's pupils at Brussels. Miss Wheelright has a most vivid recollection of her old teachers, of Charlotte and Emily, and the Hégers. Miss Wheelright entirely rejects the story of Charlotte's attachment to M. Héger. Miss Brontë's second visit to Brussels has been attributed to her ungovernable affection for her professor, and the letter to Miss Nussey has been quoted as if to bear out this suggestion: "I returned to Brussels after Anne's death against my conscience, prompted by what then seemed an irresistible impulse. I was punished for my selfish folly by a total withdrawal for more than two years of happiness and peace of mind." But both Mr. Nicholls and Miss Nussey testify that this misgiving of Charlotte's was due to the fact that she had left her father practically unprotected from the enticing company of a too festive curate. He gave himself up at this time to a very copious whiskey-drinking, from which Charlotte's home-coming speedily rescued him. I think, however, that there is still some mystery resting over this period. The evidence against Charlotte and her friends is furnished

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by her own books. It is difficult to believe that the feeling so passionately expressed in them had nothing corresponding in Charlotte's mind, and there the question must be left. Singularly interesting are the letters written during this period to Emily Brontë, most interesting of all, perhaps, that which describes her making a confession to a priest in Brussels Cathedral.

The chapter on Patrick Branwell Brontë may be passed over. It is full and thorough, but the truth is that Branwell was in every way a worthless character. His stories about his conquests were unmitigated lies; his attempts at prose and poetry were ridiculous, and he destroyed what faculties he had by drinking and opium. Far more important is the chapter on that wonderful and lonely genius, Emily Brontë. There is little of Emily's manuscript extant; almost everything seems to have been destroyed by the heart-broken sister who survived her. But I have a number of her poems hitherto unpublished, and Mr. Shorter gives many particulars of profound interest, especially two papers written by Emily and Anne, to be opened four years after. The first, dated July 30th, 1841, is by Emily, and commences:

"It is Friday evening near nine o'clock—wild rainy weather. I am seated in the dining-room store, having just concluded tidying our desk boxes, writing this document. Papa is in the parlour—aunt upstairs in her room. She has been reading *Blackwood's Magazine* to papa."

Four years after, July 30th, 1845, Emily writes again:

"My birthday—showery, breezy, cool. I am twenty-seven years old to-day. This morning Anne and I opened the papers we wrote four years since, on my twenty-third birthday. This paper we intend, if all be well, to open on my thirtieth—three years hence in 1848."

The glimpses of Emily's life contained in her sister's letters before and after her death are extremely touching. Miss Nussey contributes to this chapter a graphic sketch of Emily as she remembers her.

Of the gentle Anne we have a comparatively full account. She was a sweet and winsome girl, and attracted even the curates—in fact, she herself was partly attracted by one curate who died young, Mr. Weightman. I must pass over the chapters on Thackeray, William Smith Williams, on Margaret Wooler, on the Taylors, on the Curates at Haworth, on Literary Friendships, and much besides. Mr. Shorter has very wisely grouped his book round Charlotte's few friends. She had indeed very few, but on all she left a most definite impression. For the first time these friends are fully commemorated, and we obtain an altogether new and vivid idea of what they were, and what they were to Charlotte. It would not be fair to disclose further the contents of Mr. Shorter's book. He has done his work with admirable taste, skill, and self-repression, and it is not too much to say that there is not one of these many pages which does not contain something of enduring interest. His best reward will be the permanent association of his name with those of the three immortal sisters.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, August 25, 1896.

EMILY BRONTË.

Silent her harp of life when winds blew soft,
Too tensely strung to give an echo forth;
Only the storm-winds shrieking from the north
Swept her soul's music upward and aloft.

Robert Adger Bowen.

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PARIS LETTER.

That M. de Goncourt's will would be contested by his relatives can, of course, never have been doubted even by the testator himself, a prospect which, very possibly, afforded him some gratification. There is no doubt whatever—as the French law stands—that the courts will uphold the will, and as French litigation is comparatively a cheap commodity, the Goncourt Academy will secure a first-rate advertisement at a nominal rate. I have calculated that the entire cost to the estate of the proposed litigation—even if the case is carried to the Courts of Appeal and of Cassation—will not exceed £300. And as I have said, the "send off" which the Académie Goncourt will thus secure is very cheap at the price.

As soon as it became known that the will was to be contested, an evening newspaper—*La Liberté*—published a copy of it *in extenso*. The copy took up one whole page of the four pages of which *La Liberté* is composed. How differently they do things in France! *La Liberté* is the organ of a syndicate of financiers, and deals almost exclusively with financial and political news. Yet such a paper sacrifices, or rather consecrates, one quarter of its space to the publication of the will of a mere literary man. What would the editor of a London financial organ say to a proposal to do likewise, especially in the case of a mere literary man who was never popular and did not sell well? This is only another proof of what I have often pointed out, that in France the interest in literary matters is paramount, while in England it is limited in the extreme.

Certainly it was a good thing to publish M. de Goncourt's will. It is, in its way, as good a piece of prose as any that the late master ever wrote, and certainly one of the most characteristic. His curious personality manifests itself in its every sentence. The *ego* is enshrined triumphantly here. At the same time valuable information is given to amateurs and collectors about the manner in which the deceased gentleman's books and art collections are to be disposed of. There are to be eight sales, of which three will be of M. de Goncourt's books. The first will include the collection of eighteenth-century books, and will figure as the *Bibliothèque du dix-huitième siècle des Goncourt, livres, manuscrits, autographes. affiches, placards*, all the books mentioned and catalogued in Goncourt's *Maison d'un Artiste*; while at the second sale will be offered at auction all books on antiquity, on the seventeenth century, on the foreign literature, etc. The third auction will dispose of the "very large collection of books of modern literature (romantic and 'naturalist'), almost all on Dutch, China, or Japan paper, and containing a page of the author's manuscript." In ordering these sales the testator speaks of the treasures which "my brother and I spent our lives in collecting, to rescue them from blind contempt."

I sincerely hope that, for the sake of all concerned, but more especially of M. de Goncourt himself, no effect will be given to his wish that twenty years hence the full unexpurgated manuscript of his *Journal* be published. What will the twentieth century, just then beginning to feel its strength, reck of the literary squabbles of the century that is dead? *Schwamm d'rueber!* (a sponge over all that) will surely be the cry. Yet how infinitely pathetic are these poor attempts of ours to eke out our little day! Where Talleyrand, who juggled with crowns and sceptres, failed, how can a Goncourt hope to succeed?

I cannot understand on what authority it has been stated that Zola's popularity is waning, and that his books are no longer in demand. I happen to know, from the very best source, that the contrary is the case, that his books have never sold better, and that *Rome* especially is in constant and increasing demand. Who is it who sets these canards on the wing, and for what purpose?

The book of the hour in Paris—I ought rather to say the book of the season—is *Aphrodite*, by Pierre Louÿs. It is at present in its thirty-fifth edition, which probably means that about fifteen thousand copies have been sold. It is one of the few books published at the "offices of the *Mercure de France*" which have at all appealed to the public. It is the story of a Galilean courtesan in the

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Egypt of the Ptolemies, and is written in the most beautiful French prose that it has ever been my delight to read. I ought rather to say that it is written in the most beautiful prose that it has ever been my delight to listen to, for when Pierre Louÿs was writing this book, I used to see him frequently either at my house or in his beautiful chambers in the Rue de Grétry, and he used to read me what he had written, and I used to listen to him with entire and charmed attention, a thing that one so rarely does under such circumstances. Pierre Louÿs, whom I used to nickname Lucien de Rubempré, for in elegance and bearing he equalled him, is a very young man, barely twenty-four, I should say. He has already published two books of poems, some translations from the Greek, and a book of prose-pictures represented as being a translation—all works of true artistic metal, exquisitely worked. A curious circumstance connected with *Aphrodite* is that much of it was written while Louÿs was serving his time as a soldier at Abbéville, a time of the greatest physical and mental suffering. Indeed, after four months' endurance, his health broke down completely, and he was liberated from further service unconditionally. He used to write to me frequently in those days, and in one of his letters he told me that his hands got so cold from handling his rifle in the bitter weather of that winter (1892–93) that he had to keep them in hot water for hours before his fingers got supple enough again to hold his pen. He suffered dreadfully from his surroundings, the coarse fellowships and all the privations, rendered doubly acute to him by reason of his fragile physique. Yet it was under these circumstances that this beautiful book was written, and here again we have an exemplification of the inspiriting power of suffering. Pierre Louÿs is the son of the late Dr. Louis, who was physician to Louis Philippe. His brother is a prominent official in the French Foreign Office, and is at present residing in Cairo as one of the Commissioners of the Dette Publique. Pierre Louÿs lives in the Rue de Grétry, where he has chambers furnished in most artistic style, full of rare books and pictures and tapestries. He is a neo-symbolist by creed and among them *facile princeps*.

I hear that arrangements are being made for the publication of *Aphrodite* in English. The translator who can render into equivalent English the beautiful language of the original will be a very able man. He will have to be an artist!

I would recommend every one of my readers to read Alphonse Daudet's article "Ultima" in the current issue of the *Revue de Paris*. It is an account, in the form of a diary, of the last days, hours, and minutes of his friend, Edmond de Goncourt. It is a *chef d'œuvre*, and is all the more interesting for the reason that it proves once more that a description of actual things can be as much a masterpiece as a description of things imagined, that there are occasions on which the journalist may appear the equal of the poet. This is a fact which few English critics admit. In this instance they will be forced to do so.

"J. H. Rosny" have been amusing themselves by writing a *fantaisie scientifique* entitled *Interplanetary Communication*, in which they describe a process by which the inhabitants of the earth are enabled to correspond with the Martians and *vice versa*. It is a subject which has tempted most writers, but, except in a sketch which appeared some years ago in a New York paper, its possibilities for satirising our terrestrial institutions have been overlooked, nor do "J. H. Rosny," who are bitter enough in all conscience, make any use of this possibility. In the American sketch to which I refer, the Martians refuse to hold any further communication with us after we have, with great pains, explained to them class distinctions, capital, labour, pauperism, capital punishment, war, and so on. Their last signal to us is "Get civilised. Renew communications about 3000 years hence."

The name of Paul Arène is being put forward as a candidate for the vacant fauteuil at the French Academy. It was Jean Richepin who, in a most eulogistic article in *Le Journal*, first drew attention to the signal claims of this admirable poet and prose writer. I do not think, however, that Paul Arène, whose life has been always a very independent one, would care for the social shackles of the Academy, or that he would minimise, by competing, the chances of the election of Émile Zola, his friend.

Apropos of the correspondence between Musset and George Sand being now for the first time published, and

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the objections made in some quarters to this feeding of *la chronique scandaleuse*, Jean Richepin has recently expressed himself in his usual sledge-hammer style: "If I were to learn to-morrow," he exclaims, "that Cervantes was a swindler, Molière a ruffian, and Shakespeare a murderer—well, and what then? It would not diminish my admiration and love for them by one iota. I will say more. Between Shakespeare, murderer, but Shakespeare, and Pécuchet, a respectable man, but Pécuchet, I should not hesitate a second in giving my preference to Shakespeare. Well, and what about it?" These views do not obtain in England, where we make the artist suffer for the private individual, and despise Marlowe and Poe because they drank. This posthumous correspondence, by the way, is being published in the *Revue de Paris*.

A few days ago there died at Orsay a lady writer who, twenty years ago, was considered the best French authority on foreign literature. This was Madame Camille Selden, who for years contributed as literary critic and *feuilletoniste* to the old *Journal des Débats*. With her disappears the last critic of the old school, and literary criticism in France will now exclusively emanate from the publishers' clerks, whose *prière d'insérer* accompanies every book sent out to the press.

A certain prejudice against women writers still exists in France, and this explains why most ladies there write under male pseudonyms. Thus we have Henry Greville, with her sixty novels, J. Maini, Georges de Peyrebrune, *e tutte quante*. Severine, Madame Daudet, and Madame Adam have more courage. The first, by the way, has recently published a song of triumph on the success of women in the field of literature. "The battle against prejudice," she cries, "is won. Prejudice is dead, the good writers of our sex have killed it."

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

LINES.

I EXPLAIN THE SILVERED PATH OF A SHIP AT NIGHT,
THE SWEEP OF EACH SAD, LOST WAVE,
THE DWINDLING BOOM OF THE STEEL THING'S STRIVING,
THE LITTLE CRY OF A MAN TO A MAN,
A SHADOW FALLING ACROSS THE GREYER NIGHT,
AND THE SINKING OF THE SMALL STAR.

THEN THE WASTE, THE FAR WASTE OF WATERS
AND THE SOFT LASHING OF BLACK WAVES
FOR LONG AND IN LONELINESS.

REMEMBER, THOU, O SHIP OF LOVE!
THOU LEAVEST A FAR WASTE OF WATERS
AND THE SOFT LASHING OF BLACK WAVES
FOR LONG AND IN LONELINESS.

Stephen Crane.

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BETWEEN THE LIGHTS AT SEA.

A Rhapsody.

The day is done, and the night is not yet born.
This moment of moments, white with eternity, set
'Twixt the sands of time, hath been given of God
To thee and me, Beloved, thee and me!

For, thou and I, alone together, float
On a crystal sea, an airy emerald,
'Neath a sky like the soul of a chrysoprase,
With a glory of ruby and topaz, left
Where the sun smiled, dying, an hour ago.
There is only one star in the sky!
For the workaday world with its heat and its toil
Is banished from earth, and the Sabbath is not yet born.
But we need no glory of sun or moon
To lighten our souls, where love forever shines!
A moment of moments, white with eternity, set
'Twixt the sands of time, hath been given of God
To thee and me, Beloved, thee and me.

Another star! Another moment, given
To us who have! A wind upon the sea
Wakes the young wavelets into foam; a sail
Beyond the harbour, gleams and vanishes.
Dost thou remember still the light of earth?
The sunlight slanting on the low white walls
Of home, and creeping ever higher as it died?
That death is past, and I am still with thee!
A moment of moments, white with eternity, set
'Twixt the sands of time, hath been given of God
To thee and me, Beloved, thee and me!

A world of stars in the sky and the sea,
The Sabbath is well begun
The wind blows keener, the lithe mast bends,
The harbour is close at hand.
See the red light flame fitfully!
It marks man's care for men;
A longer, steadier radiance makes
A pathway to the lighted pier.
Our moment of moments, love, hath passed;
There but remain God's Sabbath, Love and Home;
Aye! and the memory of that moment, once—
Once and forevermore both thine and mine.
A moment of moments, white with eternity, set
'Twixt the sands of time, and forever given of God
To thee and me, Beloved, thee and me.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

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NEW BOOKS.

STUDIES IN ANCIENT HISTORY.*

The successive deaths of Mr. J. F. McLennan, of his brother, of Mrs. McLennan, and of Professor Robertson Smith, have left Mr. Arthur Platt surviving editor of Mr. McLennan's remains. They are *brouillons* and collections for his work on the Origins of the Modern Family. By his *Primitive Marriage*, his essays on Totemism, and his first series of *Studies*, Mr. McLennan had practically overthrown the old idea, the idea of Aristotle and Sir Henry Maine, that Society, on the whole, began in the Patriarchal Family, the husband, his wife (or wives) and their children. Mr. McLennan's theory starts from something like promiscuity; thereon (owing to scarcity of women) follows polyandry of various types, and kinship reckoned in the female line; slowly and by degrees Paternity is recognised, and the Patria Potestas, with Agnation, follows, at least in some regions. Mr. McLennan also discovered Totemism, or recognition of common descent, in a set of kindred, from some plant, animal, or natural object, as the most archaic known way of counting kin. Again, he showed that the earliest form of "forbidden degrees" in marriage is the prohibition of marriage with a person of the same Totem (Exogamy). Connected with this law is the custom of Capture in marriage. A man may not marry a woman of his Totem, and has to steal a bride from a kindred *ex hypothesi* hostile; the symbol of Capture survives after there is no real need for it.

In this crowd of topics, let us choose one, the Origin of Forbidden Degrees in the law of Exogamy. *Why* must a man marry outside of his own Totem kin? We shall condense Mr. McLennan's ideas, and compare the criticism of Westermarck, that learned Finn, in his *History of Human Marriage*. (Second edition. Macmillan, 1894.) It is to be premised that Westermarck had not Mr. McLennan's present statement before him.

The practice of capturing wives, in the new version of Mr. McLennan, is older than, and was followed by the law of Exogamy.

But Totemism, the common cult of this or that object, the blood feud, incumbent on all men of the same Totem, and the descent of the Totem through the female line, were established "*before* the appearance of the *system* of capture or exogamy." Now to take women from a group of another Totem would be fair, but *not* to take them from a group of the same Totem. A Bear might steal a Bull-woman, but might not steal a Bear-woman. To do so would be a sin as well as a crime, for it could not well be accomplished without shedding kindred blood. Every one can see that, where criminal law is enforced by the blood feud, and that alone, there is an immense difficulty in avenging slayings within the blood-kin. To punish such deeds, in Greece, was the part of the Eumenides. From prohibition of the capture of women within the blood-kin came, finally, prohibition to marry within it. Capture itself arose from scarcity of women, "the kindred bands in a group would be unwilling, and unable even if willing, to furnish one another with wives, for, on the hypothesis, women were scarce with them." Here we may think that kindred, in the generosity of savages, would stretch a point, just as in the matter of food, and give each other wives, though at a considerable sacrifice. Here, then, to ourselves, a very weak point is apparent. Suppose a group had no women at all, and could not buy or borrow, it would necessarily steal wives. These, as captives, would no longer be heads of families (as they would be in a system of female kin), they would be *property*. The husband would sing:

> "I hae a wife o' my ain,
> I'll go shares wi' naebody"—

Every one would like a wife of his own, a captive, and the unions of kindred men and women would cease to count as marriages at all. Marriage, real marriage, would be possible only through capture. "Marriage with a woman of the same stock would be a crime and a sin. It would be incest."

But why, after all, *were* women so

* Studies in Ancient History. By J. F. McLennan. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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scarce? Because of an economical habit of Female Infanticide.

At this point Westermarck's criticism of Mr. McLennan's theory may be taken up. He does not believe in this prevalence of female infanticide. The maternal instinct would be a bar, as Mr. Darwin also argues. On this point Mr. McLennan has a separate chapter (pp. 74–112). Want and war, he thinks, ground down mankind into a *system* of destroying their children, "a policy of despair," yet a human policy. Beasts could not have thought it out. Accompanying this policy would be means for economising in women, such as polyandry, and post-Homeric Greek vice. To ourselves it seems erroneous to argue from the latter, where found, to the existence of systematic female infanticide in the remote past. The mere fact that Homeric Greece is pure; post-Homeric Greece deeply guilty, with the contrast drawn by Tacitus between Germany and Rome, *donne à penser*. Mr. McLennan's notes on infanticide deserve study. Still, one is by no means convinced that the practice was ever carried so far as to make men steal wives, owing to scarcity of women, from groups *ex hypothesi* no richer in women than themselves. It is too like the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles, who eke out their livelihood by taking in each other's washing. To another branch of his argument, not capable of being discussed here, there is an obvious and irrefragable reply. Westermarck, not having Mr. McLennan's new book before him, does not touch on his theory that captive wives, being property, were preferred, till kindred marriage became no marriage at all, but a sin.

To ourselves it seems that marriage within the Totem became an offence, a sin, supernaturally punished, as soon as the Totem system came into force. A man may not only not kill his Totem, if an animal, but he may not recline in its shadow, if it is a tree, or, in fact, make any use of it whatever. This taboo would necessarily apply to marriage with a woman of his Totem. Exogamy is only part of the Totemistic taboo at large, of which the origin is utterly unknown. On our scheme, then, Exogamy is an original part of Totemism. No man may take a woman of his family name, and of his own crest. This is the oldest form of prohibited degrees. Westermarck argues that these arise from an *instinct* against amativeness, where a person brought up with another is concerned. This *instinct* makes "sexual love between the nearest kin a psychical impossibility" (p. 319). Thousands of years of custom have now produced something like this instinct, happily, but what is the origin of the custom? The oldest known law does not forbid love between two persons brought up together, if they be of different Totems. A man may marry his father's daughter by a woman who is not his mother, nor of her Totem. Had the instinct been what Westermarck supposes, the exogamous law, in which it expressed itself, would not have been the Totemistic prohibition, which permits marriage with a paternal aunt, or paternal half-sister. Thus we cannot agree either with Mr. McLennan, or with Westermarck. The origin of Exogamy is lost in that unknown condition of affairs which produced the Totemistic taboo in general. As society advances, and kinship is reckoned in the civilised way, the exogamous rule is modified, till it becomes the system of prohibited degrees between persons nearly related by blood on either the male or female side. It has seemed better to argue one problem out, than to state all the questions raised in this valuable fragment. Among the best chapters are the younger McLennan's criticism of the evidence about Australian marriage laws, and the elder brother's remarks on the validity of anthropological evidence in general. The letter to Mr. Darwin on original promiscuity, and the studies of marriage among various races, also deserve attention. The old (1869) essays on Totemism are reprinted; they are the first steps in a new field, now much more completely explored, in the light of much better evidence—especially for the classical territory. It is natural to end with an expression of regret for the long illness and early death which deprived prehistorical science of its most brilliant and most original exponent.

Andrew Lang.

RICHELIEU.*

This volume auspiciously inaugurates a Series on Foreign Statesmen planned as a supplement to the "Twelve English

* Richelieu. By Richard Lodge. New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cts.

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Statesmen," most of which achieved a solid success. And deservedly; for they appeal to a wide circle of intelligent readers, who wish to concentrate their attention for a while upon a great historical figure, but find the article in a biographical dictionary too cold and technical, and the traditional "Life and Times" or "Life and Letters," in many volumes, a distraction rather than a help. The present work is almost a model of short biography. It compresses a great volume of matter into very small compass, and that less by brevity of style than by orderly arrangement of the subject. We fail to remember anything of importance which could have been added to the book anywhere, save as extra illustration or mere embellishment; no point has been neglected or has been over-laboured. This is high praise, but it is such a comfort to find one's way about in a tangled subject without having to grope, and Professor Lodge has cut for us a clear path through those perplexing wars and negotiations of the period. To tell the truth, they are not, they never ought to be, very interesting to the philosopher; triple duels are slow affairs; it was but a shifting, temporising inter-play of policy between France, Spain, and the Empire (England being effaced), with no great principle, no supreme effort to dignify it. The negotiations and the campaigns somehow strike us as being mainly got up to find work and pay for professional warriors and diplomatists, and so they were. Here and there was a statesman—Richelieu was one—who knew what he wanted and tried to go straight for it, but the tortuous, jealous, hedging spirit of the times was too strong for them. Yet Richelieu employed such tools and manipulated such forces as the period afforded so patiently and adroitly as to achieve almost complete success. His triumph was cut short in 1642; had he survived in power and vigour ten years longer, he would doubtless have written his name large in our English annals. On one side or the other he would have intervened; posed as the arbiter and saviour of England; the Protectorate might never have been, or might have been tolerated as a protected Protectorate. For if only Spain and the Empire could be made easy (and neither cared much about England in itself), Richelieu could have rallied the Protestant Powers with a plausible call to intervention, and remodelled England much as he chose, either as a monarchy or a republic. Cromwell he certainly would not have set up, but pulled down very effectually; Richelieu knew better how to choose his tools. One almost regrets that these giants were not destined to a life and death struggle; it would have been a grand display, though the result could hardly have been doubtful. In comparing the two men, so like and unlike, I seem to regard Cromwell as a provincial type, Richelieu as almost cosmopolitan. The one, a mere country squire, sets up as an amateur statesman, and suddenly develops a marvellous latent capacity for business, but his views as they expand are wanting in completeness and harmony; hence his work, great as it was, turned out an admitted failure. The other seems naturally to inherit all the traditions of European statecraft; a trained and sharp-sighted ecclesiastic, he knew the Church, *a fortiori* he knew the World; aiming from his early youth at high place, he at last entered office a man of profound experience and ripe for affairs. Hence we find him as the arbiter of Europe pre-eminently the right man in the right place, not in the least surprised, like Cromwell, to find himself there, perfectly free from pose or self-consciousness, ever scanning the political horizon with the apparently careless, but penetrating, untiring gaze of the old pilot. And he succeeded; as such consummate professionals always will succeed if you give them time, whereas in the brilliant amateur there always comes a reaction when the first impetus has pushed him to the front.

But naturally we turn with most interest to the domestic policy of the greatest of French statesmen, and here Professor Lodge does not disappoint us. He points out forcibly the one terrible blot in that policy, its apparent indifference to financial reform. In spite of everything, I feel convinced for my own part that Richelieu must have definitely planned a cleansing of the Augean stable, but deferred it till he had crushed the nobles and settled Europe, and that he attempted no half measures, because he hoped some day to come down upon the harpy-classes with a sudden root-and branch reform. Really it is hard to see what opportunity occurred for such a venture in his time, and he could hardly have foreseen that never again

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would France find a minister equal to such a task, a task which every year became more gigantic.

Professor Lodge has gleaned from M. Hanotaux's first instalment (coming down to 1614) some interesting facts about the Cardinal's early life, of which the most striking is the appalling jobbery by which he obtained the mitre which, however, he wore with deserved credit. As a statesman he can only be appreciated in his voluminous *Lettres, Instructions Diplomatiques et Papiers d'Etat*, which M. d'Avenel has so carefully edited, but the summary estimate before us is admirably weighed. Of his character less is known. The zeal of adulators, the venom of enemies, the impudent inventions of later novelists and dramatists have created the motley monster which in spite of ourselves we call Richelieu. But this at least is true, the more we are getting to know him the more we like him. After all, the chances are he was distinctly a good man. Nothing really bad in his character or acts has ever been authenticated. And putting aside all his triumphs over his powerful enemies, there is something truly and pathetically heroic in his long, desperate struggle with the most formidable of all, his own poor, worn-out, agonised body. It beat him in the end; but once think of those last years of his, the racking pains, the moribund languor, yet brain and body ever goaded into energy by that iron will—surely the great Cardinal-Duke claims our reverent sympathy. To his memory Mr. Lodge has reared one more monument, not the less worthy, because in its modest proportions it recounts his glorious history with the brevity which impresses and the judgment which convinces.

A. M.

NEPHELE.*

He who has written one poem which has appealed to thousands is a greater poet than he who has written his thousands and appealed to none. Mr. Francis William Bourdillon's little lyric—

> "The night has a thousand eyes,
> The day but one,"

holds one of the simplest yet most exquisite similes in the language.

But one almost hesitates to touch with criticism Mr. Bourdillon's first prose romance, *Nephelé*, the *motif* of the book is so singularly delicate and indefinable. In analysing a psychological study one is always at a disadvantage; the spiritual experience is a thing so personal with the author, that the reader can neither affirm nor refute. But to portray the association of sound with the spiritual sense; to co-mingle the natural with the supernatural; to analyse petal by petal that blossom of life called Love, and with so light a touch that its blush remains; to tread so softly the aisles of the inner sanctuary that no echo jars the reader's consciousness—this is Mr. Bourdillon's dangerous and difficult achievement.

In his introduction, and under the name of his narrator, Endymion Gerard, the author utters a few trenchant truths about the scepticism of to-day. And however loudly we may declare with his friends, the "less wise," that we do not believe in ghosts, we do in our hearts deplore that flaming sword of science which would close us from the young Eden of past beliefs. Faith is Love's first flower. It is before the unknown gods that our spirits bow, and mystery will forever remain the keynote of fascination. This adroit, preliminary touch upon the vein of superstition, which belongs to all imaginative souls, prepares the reader for the psychological events which follow. The story of *Nephelé* is no new one; "the desire of the moth for the star;" the portrayal of an elective affinity. But the main attraction of the book lies in the exquisitely artful treatment of this *motif*.

The spiritual recognition of two beings through a melody which is manifested to each, and which is ultimately recognised by Endymion Gerard as descriptive of his soul's love for its mate; the romantic result of this sub-consciousness; the discovery that his twin-soul is Nephelé De Lisle, the *fiancée* of his intimate friend, and the dramatic culmination, when the great sonata is performed in public by Gerard and Nephelé, all go to make up a story of interest.

As a narrative, pure and simple, *Nephelé* is perhaps more poetic, because of the true spirit of poesy underlying it, than if the author had attempted a more ambitious method. His diction is noticeably effortless. Portions of the book

* Nephelé. By Francis W. Bourdillon. New York: New Amsterdam Book Publishing Co. $1.00.

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recall *Charles Auchester*, but with less of rhapsody, its musical descriptions being not so impossible to the general reader. Indeed, Mr. Bourdillon's fine writing is neither ferment nor frenzy, but a natural and impassioned expression.

There is little attempt at character drawing, nor are the main figures strongly individualised by what they say; but here and there they are limned in a few strokes.

Of Nephelé De Lisle:

"There was that in her which drew true words from the lips, even when talk was lightest, as the magnet draws iron out of dust. . . ."

Again:

"The Southern beauty of dark eyes and dark hair is usually more mastering and impressive, while the Northern beauty of lighter hues is more artistically lovely. But now and then, rare as the centennial aloe-bloom, is seen a face, fair as the Orient dayspring, in golden hair and heaven-blue eyes, yet full also of the haunting wistfulness that usually looks out at us from the depths of dark-brown eyes. . . ."

In the consistent silence which forbids allusion to Gerard's own character there is a self-analysis which is particularly artistic. We feel instinctively that the hero, like Sappho, is "one with all great things forever."

No figure in the group is heavily touched upon; but *Nephelé*, the central light and inspiration, stands in the foreground, enshrined upon a distance of shadow. In telling the story of his love, Gerard admits that there are things far beyond the plumb-line of the metaphysician. This is felt in following the musical flight of that strange seventh sense. We listen with veiled gaze because it is the lover, who speaks, but so selfless a lover, that it is evident that he speaks at the soul's dictation, letting that "lamp which is one man's treasure be a light to lighten many."

There is no abrupt precipitation toward a climax, but the "good hour" approaches as a natural sequence. So far the atmosphere of the book is a sustained note—a true note of music, which is the embodiment of beauty. Because of this harmony in colour and tone, in mass, one would wish that the story had not been prolonged beyond its climax, and that the introduction of another and unexpected character—that of the priest—had been omitted. One regrets the further explanation and detail at the close respecting the heroine, Nephelé.

The spirit of beauty holds some things inviolate. There are flowers whose hearts are never unveiled to the day; only moonlight, alike white and intangible, reveals them. There are melodies which shall never be sung; only the wind and the sea suggest and interpret them. And the delicate, opaline hue of the book is in a degree dimmed toward the end. The romance is full of beauty, however—a beauty which should appeal to the music-lover. It is full, too, of high and noble feeling; that sense, finer than finite, which John Addington Symonds so exquisitely called "the fire of the soul which is crystallised forever."

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

THE PAGET PAPERS.*

Sir Augustus Paget reminds us over and over again that his compilation is not a history. In his father's official correspondence there are gaps, and he has filled these with a brief narrative of affairs, and has prefaced the account of each diplomatic mission by a *précis* of the European situation at the moment. Mrs. J. R. Green has supplied notes which are extremely useful in saving constant reference to the general history of the period. We cannot complain that no more ambitious plan has been taken in regard to this very important correspondence; it would be impossible for any one of a younger generation to make it the basis of a history of Europe during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic eras without frequently playing the critic to the Ambassador's point of view; and this would be unintelligent treatment of the material, which, rightly regarded, is evidence, not exposition. At the same time the editor has contrived that a book with an unusual amount of interesting matter in it should be very hard and distracting reading. The arrangement of the correspondence is solely ruled by date, so that we have the letters to his chiefs (and theirs to him), to the ministers at home, to am-

* The Paget Papers: Diplomatic and other correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, G.C.B., 1794–1807. Arranged and edited by his son, the Right Hon. Sir Augustus B. Paget, G.C.B. With notes by Mrs. J. R. Green, 24 portraits, 2 volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $10.00 net.

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bassadors at other courts, to his parents, his brothers, his private friends, these, severally, treating of the particular international difficulty of the moment, his general views on politics, court scandals, domestic affairs, love stories, and pleasure parties, all mixed in a fine confusion. No great harm this in many biographies, but here the main interest happens to be the under history of the European troubles of the time, and though some of the remainder we should be sorry to miss, a little classification would have done much for clearness and utility. And—though this is a book that is of real value to the students of a period that has had more students than any other—of course, there is no index. There are not even chapter headings much more informative than "Berlin, 1794–1795," or "Palermo, 1800–1801," so that should we want to read again his references to Talleyrand, or Gentz, or the Hamiltons, or any one else, we have to thumb and turn the pages till we find them. This is a reasonable grumble.

Sir Arthur Paget was ambassador for about twelve years, and it was a long time judged by what he had to go through. Diplomacy was a battlefield then, when one was sure to be wounded, and when the reward of conscious usefulness was rarely forthcoming. He had his full share of the rough and hopeless work at Berlin, striving to keep Prussia up to the alliance with England; at Munich in a nest of intrigues, and raging at the pusillanimity of the attitude toward Bonaparte; at Palermo, responsible in great measure for the English interests in the whole Mediterranean, working in an atmosphere of distrust, hindered on every side by incapacity and treachery; at Vienna, where he saw Bonaparte's power growing every day out of the timid weakness he had clamoured against, till the Campaign of Austerlitz made his presence in Austria a mockery; and at the Dardanelles, where he went on the thankless task of trying to induce the Turks to give up the French and make peace with Russia. At twenty-three we find him an eager, strenuous, enthusiastic, and very precocious diplomat, acting on his own initiative in weighty affairs, doing his best to prevent the marriage between the Prince of Wales and Princess Caroline, and hopeful of putting a little force and verve and manhood into the demoralised state of Prussia, then feebly conducting a war by English subsidies. We never find the same tone again. Though his opinions grew and strengthened, and his energy did not cease, his later underthought is always Vanity, vanity! He was a stickler for English prestige, and outward respect he wrung from the sulkiest and the most alienated foreign monarchs and ministers—till he was sent to that quarter where the Dodger of Europe resides, who has so often, in his sleek, elusive, Oriental way, defeated the plans of mightier nations than his own. Paget had lived in the princeliest style; his country had always had at the foreign courts where he was representative a symbol of its greatness in him. But on his very last mission—to the Dardanelles—he had to live on board a wretched little frigate, which even in stress of weather would not have been allowed shelter in port, never an offer of hospitality having come to him, with a walk on an uninhabited island for an occasional recreation. He was an able, strong-willed man; but, save for a few rascals who cared first for their own interests, and who enjoyed the situation as a game, diplomacy was a poor profession for the time. There was no unity in any nation that set to make a bargain with another. Monarchs and courts and ministers had not made up their minds, and the ambassador had. Very likely he was not enough a son of his time to be successful. Every year brought him a deeper conviction of the cursedness of Bonaparte, who was always to him the Brigand. Napoleon's success never cast a glamour over this sturdy foe, whose soul was consumed with scorn for nations that would not resist him and his claims to the death. The diplomatic history of the time gives one a far more disquieting picture than the most sensational description of the campaigns. That Europe lived through it is a matter for wonderment and hope.

So far as the private, personal letters are concerned, far the most entertaining are those from the Prince of Wales. The first gentleman in Europe was in his youth a most effusively affectionate friend, and to "dearest Arthur" he writes in the most lover-like terms, sending him frequent news of the set of which Paget was a popular member, as that they were "still pretty *bobish*," and

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that "the dinners at Carlton House never forgot drinking a bumper to Arthur." In an important matter the usual positions of prince and favourite were reversed; for George interested himself tremendously in his friend's love affairs, and was ready to take any pains to bring things to a right conclusion. He had no opinion of Paget's profession, calling him once "one of the sanctioned spies and hidden lamps of Lord Grenville," by way of weaning him back to England and the company of the gay dogs at Carlton House. Paget, indeed, retired from diplomacy very early, homesick for England, and disappointed at the result of his labours. After the stormy years, domesticity and farming and yachting must have been grateful to him. He had had a troublesome experience of foreign life, and no doubt he was quite ready to echo Lord Malmesbury's words of defiant patriotism:

"An Englishman who, after a long absence from England, returns to it with feelings and sentiments partial to other countries and adverse to his own, has no *real mind*, is without the powers of discernment and plain easy comparison, and has no title to enjoy the superior moral, political and local advantages to which he is born, but of which he is insensible and unworthy."

THE NEW YORK GHETTO.*

One feels a certain timidity in expressing an opinion of a work which has been unreservedly praised by the most eminent of American critics, and by others having less authority. And, without doubt, Mr. Cahan's book is really remarkable in certain respects. It is a presentation of an alien and comparatively unknown element of national life; its types are novel, its religious and social characteristics, its morals, manners, customs, and ideals are all distinctively foreign to the native point of view. From this fresh material the author, writing evidently out of intimate personal knowledge, has created a strange, striking, vivid picture of the New York Ghetto. The principal characters are curiously lifelike: Yekl—or "Jake," as he calls himself in America—with all his repulsiveness, his conceit, humility, simplicity, and cunning; and Gitl, his un-Americanised wife, who awakens a perception of the dislocation that many poor souls must suffer on coming to this country which should teach us larger patience and charity. Mrs. Kavarsky, the meddlesome neighbour, with her cynicism, her parade of new-worldly wisdom, is a new figure in fiction; and the various young men and young women evolved by the atmosphere of the sweat-shops are not less real, although more familiar. But Jake and Gitl stand out from the rest, and the scene between them when they meet at Ellis Island for the first time since they had parted in Russia, years before, and see each other as if they now met for the first time—he, "shaved and dressed as only young workmen are" in the old country; she, with the grotesque peasant dress and the hideous black wig worn by Russian Jewesses of her station and orthodoxy—lingers in the memory. The alienation, arising mainly from this change in the husband, is true to a larger life than that of any Ghetto; and the author's manner of portraying it conveys a peculiar impression of reality which the absence of analysis accentuates. There is, in fact, a feeling that—extenuating nothing and setting down naught in malice—he has simply described individuals and actual occurrences, not mere types and typical events.

But in conceding that this is realism in the narrowest sense of the term, there may fairly be question of the work's realism in a wider sense. Does Mr. Cahan wish us to believe that the types and phases of the life of the Ghetto thus presented by him are truly representative of his race? That it is as sordid, as selfish, as mean, as cruel, as degraded as he has here shown it to be? For from beginning to end throughout the work there is not a gleam of spirituality, unselfishness, or nobility. Gitl is the best, yet she surrenders her husband to another woman on the payment of a bribe; "indeed, at the bottom of her heart, she felt herself far from desolate, being conscious of the existence of a man who was to take care of her and of her child," and she went away from the rabbi's house, where the divorce had been granted, full of the thought of the store she and her "new man" were to open with the money paid her by Jake. It is a hideous showing, and repels the reader, who misses what Mr. Zangwill's

* Yekl. By A. Cahan. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.00.

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sympathetic portrayals have revealed—that dignity of faith which compels respect from Christians; that helpfulness of each other which shames the selfishness of the Gentile. Nor is there any of the kind, subtle humour that takes the sting out of his frank revelations of racial weaknesses. The character of Mrs. Kavarsky is essentially humorous, and there are touches of humour all through the work. But it is new, of an unpleasant kind; bitter and rough, it has somewhat the effect of accident, as though it had accompanied these photographs of the Ghetto without much perception of its presence on the part of the photographer.

If, then, these likenesses and these views are reproduced from life, was it wise to develop the pictures? Can it be true that we care much in fiction for what has so little interest in life? that we are attracted in literature by characters and scenes that we would shrink from in the flesh? Are such books ever worth while? Do they serve any purpose, even to amuse? Do they do any good? do they add anything to literature? above all, *are* they literature? The last question is asked with remembrances of the difficulties of writing in a foreign language, and with recognition of the ease and fluency of Mr. Cahan's English. This great ease and this notable fluency seem, indeed, to be among the rocks on which the work splits, through having too much journalistic familiarity and too little literary reserve. But this is, of course, merely the opinion of the writer of this review, there being distinguished authority to the contrary.

Nancy Huston Banks.

THE WASHER OF THE FORD.*

The Scottish Highlander was never a complete convert to the Christian faith. Not that he had doubts after accepting it. Unlike his Lowland neighbour he has always been little of a theologian. He is not given to forming little sects. The wide fold of the Catholic Church has been good enough for him, or, if not that, then, in later days, strong undiluted Calvinism. The narrative of the Christian story; the mysteries of the faith as distinguished from nice doctrinal subtleties; and the ritual of the Church have always appealed to him strongly from the first. Even Christian morality made its way with peculiar ease among the wild people on certain directions in compensation for its total want of success in others. But Christianity never uprooted the older faiths, had to settle down, in fact, side by side with them in the Highland mind, intermingling constantly, and with such confusion that only the priest, and maybe not even he, could disentangle the real thing. This is a truth constantly met with in all Celtic saint lore, in Highland folk-lore, and in the Highland mind to-day, when you reach it. It is the truth which Miss Fiona Macleod has illustrated by her "legendary moralities." These are neither pagan nor Christian; they are both, though more one than the other, and recognised maybe as both by the early imagination in which they grew. As she says, "The Washer of the Ford might well have appeared, to a single generation, now as a terrible and sombre pagan goddess of death, now as a symbolic figure in the new faith, foreshadowing spiritual salvation and the mystery of resurrection." Quite apart from the beauty of the legends, they are thus highly instructive as examples of the double working of the human mind.

Almost any of the stories here would illustrate this, but "Muime Chriosd" does it as well as any. The name signifies the foster mother of Christ, and was given to St. Bridget, of whom there are many legends, and bits of legends, in Scotland and Ireland. Possibly they will never be more faithfully told—the faithfulness touching the grotesque as well as the poetical side—than in Miss Macleod's version. Bridget passed a mysteriously holy girlhood in Iona, in the Druid days, before the coming of St. Colum. On a certain day she wandered far, and came to where the heather was ever more withered and parched, till it passed into reaches of desert sand with palm-trees. Then a voice reached her ear as out of a sleep, that of her father Dùvach talking in the good Gaelic of the drought and the sufferings of man and beast round the village of Bethlehem. He tells her he

* The Washer of the Ford. By Fiona Macleod. New York: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

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must set off from their home at the inn and journey to the quenchless well on the Mount of Olives. Meanwhile she must give away no drop of water nor accommodate any one in his absence. But when days had passed there came to the inn a tired man, and a woman soon to become a mother, riding on an ass, Joseph, a carpenter in Arimathea, and Mary his wife. They, too, spoke the sweet Gaelic of the Isles. And Bridget saw something in the woman's face that made her give them all the little water left in the house, and because they were weary she lodged them in the stable. Dùvach comes back, and full of curiosity about his guests, goes to the stable, which is like "a shell filled with the fires of sunrise." Pushing open the door, they see Mary with the Babe upon her knee. Then Bridget took Him in her arms, covering Him with her mantle. So is she known as St. Bride of the Mantle. She nursed Him all through the night, and so, too, she is known as Muime Chriosd, the foster-mother of Christ. When she woke the holy company were gone. But the power of miracle was on her; she did wonderful things. Going out of the city she followed in the moonlight the footprints of a woman and child. All night she walked, never weary, yet never seeing any figures, though the steps were newly made. At last they stopped, and she saw the lights of Jerusalem. But the wind stirring among the olives smelt of heather, and rustled in the bracken. The lights of the holy city faded. She was on Dun-I, "Iona lay green and gold, isled in her blue waters. From the sheiling of Dùvach, her father, rose a thin column of pale blue smoke." But this rough version cannot give a fair idea of one of the most mysteriously beautiful and bold renderings of the Christian story as dreamt by a people who, after their dreamy fashion, mingled the Mount of Olives with their own familiar hills and with the hills of Heaven.

The "Annir-Choille," on the other hand, is frankly pagan, a story of reaction against the Christian spirit of renunciation. With passages of striking beauty, it is, nevertheless, in form, at least, far less convincing. I feel sure, with the assurance of ignorance, that it has not the accent of its time. True to the general spirit of revolt it may be, against a faith that despises the body's needs and joys, but the telling is after the fashion of the pagans of this decade, now just a trifle exaggerated, and again finely Swinburnian as in Cathal's song,

> "For I see this thing, that the old gods are the gods that die not;
> All else is a seeming, a dream, a madness, a tide ever ebbing."

I wish I had room to speak at length of other things in the book, of that wild tale of alternate madness, and terror, and exquisite peace, in which the whole of death is portrayed, "The Washer of the Ford," of The Shadow Seers (especially that one called "The Smoothing of the Hand"), and of the passage in "The Fisher of Men," which speaks of the signs of change that the soul knows before the coming of death, though pain have not spoken.

This book so far surpasses Miss Macleod's earlier efforts that any uncertainty one might have had about the best direction of her great talents is gone entirely. Its superiority, I feel sure, lies in the fact that here she is in the region of pure poetry. Her former books dealt more with the drama of common life, and I doubt if she realises how the people fed on such imaginative and spiritual food as make the substance of her legends would act and speak in the stress of living. There was a sweetness that cloyed in most of the earlier stories. But here, where it is the spirit and the dreams of the Highlanders more than their outward life that are her themes, she is on ground where few could come near her. She knows her way about, and with her certainty has come an enormous increase of artistic power.

Annie Macdonell.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF DR. HORT.*

If on seeing these two considerable volumes the intending reader may not unreasonably ask whether this is not a

* Life and Letters of Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. By his son, Arthur Fenton Hort, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.50 net.

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case in which the half would have been better than the whole, he can at any rate be in no doubt of the desirableness of having some biography of Dr. Hort. Of the great Cambridge Triumvirate, Dr. Lightfoot has passed away, leaving his monument in his works, Dr. Westcott is happily still living, and only in this *Life of Dr. Hort* can the public see the nature of their association. The work of Dr. Hort, too, was of such a kind as rather tended to the repression than to the manifestation of character; and those who day by day enjoy the fruit of his life-long toil naturally desire to come a little closer to the personality which lay behind it. That personality is abundantly revealed in the letters which form by far the larger part of these volumes. Addressed mainly to one or two intimate friends, they are full of personal touches, and become an unconsciously written autobiography. It will surprise many who have been accustomed to think of Dr. Hort as they think of a good lexicon, capable of yielding full and accurate information, but without human interests and emotions, to find that he was an exceptionally many-sided man, an eager and successful botanist, a writer of poetry and a landscape painter, a good musical critic and practitioner, an enthusiastic and bold mountaineer and founder of the Alpine Club, a warm and generous friend, and the delight of his children—vital throughout his whole nature, and carrying an indomitable energy into all his occupations.

But the characteristic which most prominently appears in this memoir is one that must be lamented. To commence great undertakings was easy to Dr. Hort, to finish them almost impossible. It is most tantalising to read these letters, and learn how many excellent schemes he initiated, worked at for a while, and then dropped. This was perhaps due, not only to his fastidiousness and conscientiousness, but to his being peremptorily called by circumstances to distracting work, and partly to the great loss of time entailed by imperfect health. Indeed, as one follows him through these letters the wonder grows, not that he did not achieve more, but that he was able to accomplish so much; not that his translation of Plato, and his revised Winer, and his *Commentary on the Epistles of James, Peter, and Jude*, and his "great history" of the Church, never appeared, but that amid all distractions and disabling hindrances he should have produced, or aided in producing, a Greek Text of the New Testament, which, whether it approves itself or not, is at all events scientifically ascertained, and the result of firmly held principles. He was but twenty-three years of age when his attention was first turned to the Text, and two years after, in 1853, Westcott and he "came to a distinct and positive understanding about our Greek Text and the details thereof." But instead of occupying him for a year or two as at first he expected, he was more or less engaged upon this work for almost thirty years. Even after all this expenditure of time and toil, it must be matter of regret that the editors did not issue with the text a *complete* critical apparatus, and it will interest many to read (ii. 240) that "the *pièces justificatives* . . . will yet be made accessible." Certainly this would be a most welcome addition and buttress to Hort's great work.

It is difficult clearly to apprehend what Dr. Hort's position as a Churchman was. On the one hand, he professes himself "a staunch sacerdotalist," and speaks of Protestantism's "crazy horror of the idea of priesthood;" and in speaking of Baptism he betrays a misunderstanding of the Calvinistic or High Church Protestant, as distinguished from the High Church Anglican view. On the other hand, his sympathies seem to have been largely, though not wholly, with Maurice; and when he does explicitly express himself regarding Anglicanism it is not with unqualified approval. Indeed, in one letter (ii. 30, 31) he shows that he had at any rate once perceived the principle which absolutely explodes all that is implied and contained in sacerdotalism: "If we may take St. Paul's life and work for our guidance we may well be content to put up with comparative formlessness, for I know not how many generations, rather than go back to 'the elements of the world.'" But as Dr. Hort was, after all, rather a pioneer in investigation than a leader in theology, we are more concerned in arriving at a knowledge of his character than of his opinions.

Marcus Dods.

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THE GREEN GRAVES OF BALGOWRIE.*

"That's a melancholy tale," says the merry-faced gentleman in *Nicholas Nickleby*. "It's a tale of life, and life is made up of such sorrows," returned his neighbour. Which is as good an apology for reviewing a sad book as it is for writing one.

Yes, *The Green Graves of Balgowrie* is unmistakably a sad story, but it is a reminiscent sadness—the sadness that weighs upon you at sunset, or after a day of rain, or in walking at eventide by the seashore. In placing the setting and characters of the story far back in the eighteenth century the author has relieved it of that sense of nearness and actuality which would have given it poignancy and heart-rending pathos if the scenes had been laid in the present. There is no note of anguish in Miss Findlater's work; it does not inflict pain; it all happened so long ago that we can bear to listen to the narrative as to an old familiar strain that once had power to pierce the heart, but now moves us only to a sweet melancholy. Indeed, it is in the telling that the story charms—in the manner more than in the matter; for Miss Findlater weaves a spell as she writes that holds the reader captive. It matters little that you know the story; if you read the book once you will doubtless take it up again.

A widow with two daughters goes to a country parish in Scotland, and brings them up on her own plans. She entirely isolates them; shows them no affection; gives them no regular education, and, in fact, deprives them of all happiness save what they can find in one another. Dr. Cornelius Hallijohn, minister of the parish, takes the two girls in charge. Dr. Hallijohn is getting toward fifty, and is a tolerably hard drinker. He is a gentleman, good looking, good natured, without religion, and a bachelor. He teaches the two girls, and falls in love with the elder; though she is so much younger, she returns his affection and they become engaged. The younger girl, who was the more beautiful, is made love to by a stray military man from London. He jilts her, and she dies. One of the most pathetic parts of the book is the account of Lucie's visit to London, and the fine description of her feelings when she comes in contact for the first and only time with the great, tumultuous tide of the city's life. The elder sister dies very soon after the younger, just on the eve of her marriage to Dr. Hallijohn. The mother, if possible, is more callous than ever; and it is difficult to believe that any one could be so near insanity and yet not be insane; nor is it easy to think that the two girls would have been quite so passive in her hands. Their characters, however, are drawn with great delicacy, tenderness, and insight. Dr. Hallijohn is also a fine figure, and in Miss Findlater's hands has proved a new character study in fiction.

But the promising thing about the book is that it shows Miss Findlater to be no mere echo; whether she can repeat this success (for success it is, and the book deserves to be popular) remains to be seen. It contains a great deal of closely packed thought, the ripe first-fruits of meditative leisure and seclusion from the "madding crowd's ignoble strife." *The Green Graves of Balgowrie* is not all fiction; there is a personal power in it which wins you to the theory that it is in part autobiographic in quality. Knowing what Miss Findlater's antecedents and surroundings have been up to the time of writing, it is more than likely that she has derived hints from experience which imagination has wrought into final form. But, after all, she cannot be denied the creative power which is felt in the atmosphere of the story more than in the characterisation. The mark of genius in a new writer—namely, the note of revolt—is apparent in her work. It is far away from the beaten track, from the broad way of fiction, and nestles in quiet sequestration with a Thoreau-like defiance of civilised conventions. Both in the original drawing of her characters and in the painting of the background is this strikingly shown; and impossible to us as seem the strange creatures of her creation and the malignant fate that overtakes them, we are convinced of their reality—a reality which, as we have indicated, would be unbearable but for the kind, intervening lapse of years. The story touches life at many points, and does not make its appeal to us in vain. We put down the book with a lingering regret for the tender grace of a day that is dead, but with a living remembrance of its throbbing memories.

* The Green Graves of Balgowrie. By Jane H. Findlater. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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"'Their graves have been green for ninety years and more,' said my grandmother, as she finished telling the tale. 'Don't tell me it's true,' I said—for my eyes were wet." . . .

"Ah, Life, there are stranger things in you than were ever written!"

Yes, it's "a melancholy tale;" but "life is made up of such sorrows," and it eases our own pain to find its echo in another heart. It goes far to reconcile us to the "burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible world."

James MacArthur.

CINDER-PATH TALES.*

Mr. William Lindsey has sprung another delightful surprise on his readers in his *Cinder-Path Tales:* the first occurred when he made his literary *début* last Christmas as a poet in *Apples of Istakhar.* And as in his verse we recognised an original vein of thought and feeling, so in his prose we still find him strikingly individual. Stories of the character of these are rare, and stories as good as these are not common in any branch of fiction. Indeed, the author has managed to give his work such an air of reality that he seems to be narrating actual events. Moreover, although the stories treat solely of "cinder-path" themes, wrestling, running, leaping, jumping, throwing, and all such things, they are so imbued with the knowledge and the feeling of life in its greatest and widest sense that they must appeal to a larger audience than the nature of the subjects would indicate. "The Hollow Hammer," for example, must find appreciation with all who scorn dishonesty; "How Kittie Queered the Mile" reveals the profoundest depths of a woman's heart; and "A Virginia Jumper" gives a curious insight into the lives and the ideals of the old fashioned, provincial Southerners. The letter of Mrs. Margaret Lee Fairfax, wherein she states that "running broad" was a traditional Virginia sport, and calls attention to the fact that Thackeray makes Harry Warrington cover twenty-one feet three inches against his English rivals, and says that Colonel George Washington could better this a foot, is charmingly characteristic. And, notwithstanding the sameness of his subject, the author has made some of his sketches as pathetic as others are humorous. "Atherton's last 'Half'" makes the heart ache with its infinite sadness, while it makes it thrill with recognition of splendid courage. "Paddy's Probation," on the other hand, is pure, innocent fun, a story that makes the reader—if he be blessed with a keen sense of humour—laugh till the tears come. And it is all so clean, too, and kind, and essentially refined; and aside from the entertainment afforded by the tales to those who have little interest and less knowledge of the sports of which they treat, the work must have a certain technical value. The author writes as one having authority, and in one of his paragraphs, in summing up the causes of the loss of a race by one of his heroes, he says:

"Indeed, I honestly believe that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the best man wins because he is the best man, and the rest of the field lose simply because they have not the legs, lungs, heart, or courage necessary to bring them in first. There is mighty little 'hocus-pocus' business in amateur athletics, and the atmosphere of the cinder-path is, after all is said, as pure as any on earth, not excepting that of politics and the legal profession."

George Preston.

* Cinder-Path Tales. By William Lindsey. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.00.

MR. BUNNER'S POSTHUMOUS VOLUME.*

It is the great delight of Mr. Bunner's work that it combines the unfailing freshness, ease, and familiarity of journalism with such quality as journalism is often forced to surrender. The artistic sense of these last sketches from Mr. Bunner's pen is such as has always kept his work true, through all temptations to what was merely obvious and showy and cheap, to the sterling literary values. One has a good chance to compare this sketching of New York life with much writing of the sort in recent journalism and fiction. There has been little so true as this. Others may talk glibly of the place after a journalistic week; but Mr. Bunner tells us things such as only the thoughtful man can grasp of the drift of a great city. And he has lived his city a long while, from childhood up, and from its present history back afar into its beginnings. Reading such sketches as these of "Tieman's to Tubby Hook," "The

* Jersey Street and Jersey Lane. Urban and Suburban Sketches. By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

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Bowery and Bohemia," and "The Story of a Path," shows with what freedom from superficiality Bunner plied a literary trade that so easily lends itself to the superficial. He wrote to please his public, but quietly, at the same time, he wrote to please the artist in himself.

There is another way just now in which we are tempted to look at these sketches, so good, as is all their author's work, from the point of art. They are true to the man himself, and that man exerts such a charm in his work. It is the charm of straightforward address, of sympathetic, unpretentious manhood. There is a sentence which opens the tender sketch of "The Lost Child" that speaks loudly of Bunner. "The best of life in a great city is that it breeds a broad and tolerant catholicity of spirit; the best of country life is that it breeds the spirit of helpful, homely, kindly neighbourliness." Mr. Bunner would have liked to think of himself as the ideal cosmopolite, we imagine, as the man of the world, capable of many enjoyments and freed from the provinciality of little standards. But he had what the man of the world too often loses, a simplicity and rectitude of nature. There is a quality of genius that Wordsworth has immortalised in those lines to the little boy, Hartley Coleridge, "the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock." All that is tenderest and most winning in Bunner is summed up in this tribute to the childlikeness of the best virtue. For ourselves, we prefer "Jersey and Mulberry" to any of the sketches in this volume. It is at once most characteristic on all sides, and perhaps the most compact artistically.

E. B. B.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE TOUCH OF SORROW. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1 00.

A STUMBLER IN WIDE SHOES. By Edith Hamlet. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.00.

The first of the last two numbers of Messrs. Holt's Protean Series is a study of a single character, who may, perhaps, be indicated for the reader's benefit as a sort of terrestrial Undine whose career retains a flavour, not altogether agreeable, of *The Heavenly Twins*, or, perhaps, we should rather say, of *Anna Karénina*. "Stella's" peculiarity is a shrinking from sorrow, pain, or any sort of unpleasantness, so strong as almost to amount to mania; until the death of her child supplies the lacking element, and the book closes with the comfortable assurance that "Stella felt dimly that a new soul had come to her, and to those who stood about her its radiance was visible in her face." The story is rather prettily told, and there are many quotable passages; the sort of would-be epigram that one hears among people who, being rich and idle, try to make things pleasant for each other in the hope that they themselves may thereby find entertainment. This makes it readable, though there is practically no plot, and the minor characters are mere cloud-wreaths, only acquiring shape when it is necessary to provide a background for "Stella." But it may not be amiss, even in connection with a book of such slight nature, to enter a protest against the obstetric novel. This protest is in the interest, not of Bowdlerism, but of art; we are no prude, and have no objection to the detailed treatment of any subject when such subserves truth; what we would humbly submit is that while certain aspects of disease and death are properly within the province of art, there are others which are best left in shadow, or to the treatment of the expert. Such a man as, let us say, Weissmann, might possibly, even in a novel, give us a new insight into the mysteries of life and birth; but in the average imitator of Tolstoy—not to say Tolstoy himself—any attempts along this line are empirical and worthless; and they therefore vulgarise and degrade not merely the subject, but the reader.

A Stumbler in Wide Shoes avoids at least the pitfall which we have indicated. It is a story of Amsterdam; and while there is less of Holland in it than satisfies us, after the *Kitwyck Stories*, it is not without local colour. In fact, the dreary fen country, with its whirling windmills standing sentinel over poor

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Myrtle in her loneliness, is rather effectively used. The plot is highly conventional; the rescue of the heroine by the hero takes place in the very first chapter; there is a Jewish Delilah, a conventional Shylock of a father, a drunken tool for second villain, a conspiracy, and a noble, injured, and semi-forgiving wife to come to the rescue. Equally, of course, there is a second gentleman, whom the leading lady ought to have married for his moral worth instead of choosing the hero for his good looks; and he it is who finally reunites the long-severed pair after the faulty but attractive artist has shaken off his congenial weakness of character in rather a surprising manner, and has achieved a statue of the wife whom he believes to be dead, which entitles him, we are told, to "ask of Fame what you will, and here in Paris it will be given you."

It is rather a fad, since the star of Zangwill rose above the literary horizon, to be interested in the Jews; and accordingly, in her poverty, Myrtle's residence is fixed near the Jewish quarter in Amsterdam; but there is nothing distinctively Hebraic about any of the Jewish figures, though the usurer Leon just misses both tragedy and pathos as nearly as Caleb Prosser escapes a touch of sublime self-devotion.

THE KING'S REVENGE. By Claude Bray. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

The modern tendency of reaction toward idealism and the historical novel has inflicted upon us a multitude of books, of the making of which there seems indeed to be no end, and, indeed, no special purpose. The king, in the work before us, is Edward II. of England, who could hardly be forced into a very strong position in any novel except at the expense of truth and history; his revenge, which is the least important feature of the plot, is for the judicial murder of his favourite, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall. What Gaveston had done to incur the anger of the earls or the "lord's ordainers" beyond nicknaming them in rather a rude fashion, we are left to our own historical knowledge to learn; the reader unlearned in the annals of those times is only saved from estimating the nobles of King Edward as petulant boys, unable to take a joke, by a shrewd suspicion that the commonalty would have needed a much blacker offence before they so hated Sir Piers as the national enemy. But the author gives us no assistance in coming to a conclusion. It is a boon, unquestionably, that the masters of modern historical fiction have set the example of a modest hero; otherwise, as the story is invariably told in the first person, the situation would be unbearably strained; but we submit that even autobiography does not require such a very modern note, as a constant shameless changing of sides on any provocation or none. There must surely be some other means of making the reader acquainted with both sides of the historical situation, especially as the present method does not seem always to show us even one side; and there are really such old-fashioned virtues in existence as faithfulness and loyalty, though "Sir Aubrey de Maule-verer" does not seem to have been aware of them.

A HUMBLE ENTERPRISE. By Ada Cambridge. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

In opening a volume by Ada Cambridge one rather expects a protest against something, usually marriage; it is a pleasant surprise, in the present instance, to find a very pretty little idyll of love in Australia. To be sure, Australia has very little to do with it; it might quite as well, *mutatis mutandis*, be London or New York; about the only valuable touch of local colour is the Philistinism of the average British colonist, who "cares nothing for the beautiful scenery at his doors, and does not go into the ranges from year's end to year's end." Further than this, we have the usual father getting himself killed on the first page, the heroic daughter undertaking to make the family fortune by opening a tea-room, and the arrival of a big red-bearded wealthy young man from England; after which opening the discerning reader can finish the story for himself—or, rather, herself. But while the love making is very pretty, and the story is as immaculately proper as the tea-room itself, it is curious to note the author's estimate of men as rather poor property after all, yet at the same time one which we cannot exactly do without. An unmarried woman she considers is merely a grown-up child; "even an unlucky marriage, which is a living martyrdom, is better than none," and "without beating her

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or keeping her short of pocket money, the husband necessarily makes his wife feel that the earth is her habitation and the clouds of heaven many miles away." Truly, Ada Cambridge has degenerated since the days in which she wrote *The Three Miss Kings* and *Not all in Vain!*

DR. VERMONT'S FANTASY. By Hannah Lynch. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.25.

Such presentations of the sweet and simple side of French provincial life as this, from an English point of view, are only too rare. All the studies composing the volume are exquisitely tinted in local colour, and drawn with real French surety and fineness, for the author has evidently studied French literary models as well as French manners and types and customs. The influence of Maupassant appears in the first and longest story, which gives the title to the book, and also in the last, which makes the most powerful appeal. The last is the simple story of a child, "The Little Marquis;" but a brief quotation from it will give an idea of the quiet, tender beauty of the whole work. The child

"was at once the biggest and the smallest landlord of Calvados, the most important personage of that department, and the most insignificant and powerless. Into his cradle the fairies had dropped all the gifts of fortune but those two without which the others taste as ashes—love and happiness. His life was uncoloured by the affections of home, and his days, like his rugged little visage and his dull personality, were vague with the vagueness of negative misery. Of his nurse he was meekly afraid, and his relations with the other servants were of the most distantly polite and official nature. He understood that they were there to do his bidding nominally and compel him actually to do theirs, pending his authority. With a broken sigh he envied the happiness that he rootedly believed to accompany the more cheerful proportions of the cottagers' experience, of which he occasionally caught glimpses in his daily walks, remembering the chill solitude of his own big, empty castle. . . . He was not, it must be owned, an engaging child, though soft-hearted and timidly attracted by animals, whose susceptibilities he would have feared to offend by any uninvited demonstration of affection. He had heard himself described as plain and dull, and thought it his duty to refrain as much as possible from inflicting his presence upon others, preferring loneliness to adverse criticism. But he had one friend who had found him out and taken him to her equally unhapppy and tender heart."

And this is all the story: the love between the desolate child and the heart-broken woman. But it is enough—it is art, it is life.

DOCTOR NIKOLA. By Guy Boothby. New York: D. Appleton & Co $1.00.

The novel of mystery seems to have passed. There are not many latter-day readers who will follow the long and rather aimless wanderings of this antiquated romance with patience, much less with pleasure, for the plot is as broad as a church-door, though not as deep as a well. The story travels from the Occident to the Orient and back again in a dragging, inconsequent way, all on account of a little black stick.

"It was a commonplace little affair, deep black in colour, and covered with Chinese hieroglyphics in dead gold. Attached to it at one end was a piece of frayed gold ribbon, much tarnished, showing evident signs of having passed through many hands."

This stick is assumed to possess marvellous powers; to be in, in short, a sort of magic wand. But just what may be done by means of it, or why Doctor Nikola and the rest are so eager to own it that they seek it from England to China, is never made convincingly clear to the reader's mind, so as to give him interest in the story. In truth, the handling of the occult requires a subtler touch than the author has shown himself capable of, and the occultism of the mysterious East eludes a less solid grasp than Mr. Guy Boothby's.

BLIND LEADERS OF THE BLIND: THE ROMANCE OF A BLIND LAWYER. By James R. Cocke, M.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Among the lessons of import inculcated by the good modern novel, that form of fiction which has a tendency to ameliorate human suffering, or contributes most light to the sum of human knowledge, will ever and invariably attract the higher mind. In this category must be placed *Blind Leaders of the Blind.*

Dr. Cocke has certainly gone about his task in a most sympathetic yet business-like way, and the result of his labour is apparent on every page. The work furnishes a very general yet concise survey of those human instincts which peculiarly dominate modern society. While not attempting to point the way to a final disposition of certain philosophical questions, it vividly portrays not a few of the hindrances that block the way, and arouses our keenest

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sympathies in the cause of right. There is no shifting from or avoiding the issues hinted at, and the evilly disposed are supplied with abundant and wholesome food for reflection.

The tale opens with a few simple incidents at Catawba, Ala., which are interwoven with the life of a blind though intellectual boy, who has been adopted by an uncle, himself a self-made man. Around this blind hero we have grouped through life those ever-shifting yet rectifying forces which, in the contemplative mind of Robert Netherland, serve only the highest purposes, as the rankest manure associated with sunlight indirectly aids the flower to reflect its divinest hues, and distils from the rose its sweetest odour. Of the numerous characters in the book, each contributes unsparingly to the ethical design of the author, and though the contrast between the birth and life surroundings that mould the Italian murderer, Saracchi, and those which fashion and touch into life the impulses of the blind lawyer, Netherland, is, indeed, great, yet the picture-lesson is timely, and society is again distinctly reminded of its duty to the individual. The character of Elisha Steele, at once peddler and plutocrat, constitutes no uncommon entity in certain quarters, while Schneip, the German chemist and victim of unkind circumstances, though intellectually gifted, is seen to expire without solving the insolvable, the prevalence of evil co-existent with infinite goodness. The ideal marriage of the hero, who has come to see through another's eyes, closes a strong story, admirably told.

AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS. By Joseph Conrad. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

An Outcast of the Islands is a book as terrible in its analysis of a man's moral progress to damnation as Mr. Frederic's recent novel. In the brief space of a note one cannot give the outline of the story. It is sufficient to say that it shows us a man first fallen by greed and robbery from a wife and position to which he had struggled from low birth, then cast on a barbaric island and caught in the toils of a barbaric passion which leaves him in a loathing. Mr. Conrad has already proved his fitness to portray Malay life. The same power that he showed in *Almayer's Folly* has served him here. He feels the tropics in all their thirsty intensity, their gloom, their alluring beauty, their poison for the Northern nature. He feels especially this tragedy of the two civilisations, East and West, brought face to face, mingling strange instincts with alternate throes of fascination and repulsion. As he pictures the fatal love of the tropics, fatal to decoy, fatal to cling, fatal to kill at last the treachery that has betrayed it, and yet to love the betrayer, and brings it in contrast with the sickly passion of the white that dies in disgust, he again asserts the contrast between the Eastern character of the Malay and the type of Westerner that is bred in contact with it—not, certainly, to the credit of the latter.

Mr. Conrad's chief power is psychological. It is a terrible psychology, realised with as awful an imagination as we can remember in present fiction excepting Stevenson.

"*One of those minutes when the voice is silenced, while the thoughts flutter in the head, like captive birds inside a cage, in rushes desperate, exhausting and vain.*"

This is only one of a series of psychological moments that the author has seized. They have a relentless hold on the memory, and, taken in succession, make a narrative of terror from which the imagination shrinks. This is power; but it is perhaps the literary weakness of such a book as *An Outcast of the Islands* that its strain is too intense, too prolonged, too unmitigated for artistic harmony or truth to life.

THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.00.

Mr. Vachell writes of that which he knows well—of the vicissitudes, the romance, and the sharp contrasts of life in California. This distinctively American theme seems to be especially acceptable to English readers, for it is on the other side of the Atlantic that his stories have hitherto found most favour with public and publishers.

The Quicksands of Pactolus deals with the fortunes and misfortunes of a wealthy family in San Francisco, and it illustrates the dangers of selfish ambition and the power of unselfish love. Rufus Barrington, by untiring ambition, shrewdness, and good fortune, has made himself a multimillionaire, and at

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sixty-five we see him a marvel of good health, proud of his success and of his power over his fellow-men. Strong in intellect as in body, he has instilled into the minds of his family his own cynicism and materialistic philosophy, and not until that seed bears him some very bitter fruit does he learn his mistake. In the character of this rugged old millionaire the author has given us a very solid and life like figure, and he stands out in bold relief against the background of minor characters who have their parts to play in this society drama. Next in importance, and decidedly the most lovable member of the Barrington family, is the younger son, Dick, who is kept busy sacrificing his own pleasure and interests to help the others out of their troubles. We have a great admiration for Dick ; and when, in that exciting episode, the run on the Barrington Bank, he saves by his courage and sagacity both the honour and the fortunes of the Barringtons, we feel quite as proud of him as does his father. At the end there is every indication that he is at last about to enjoy the happiness that he deserves, and with this cheering prospect we leave him.

The interest of the story is well sustained ; and Mr. Vachell marches us briskly along the highway of incident without any waste of time by excursions into the side paths of reflection or description.

THE DREAM-CHARLOTTE. By M. Betham-Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

The French Revolution is losing its romance under the prying gaze of inquiring historians and speculative politicians, who say it really amounted to very little, or that it was far wrong, and that it was not bliss in that hour to be alive at all. But it has not lost its romance for Miss Betham-Edwards. In *A Romance of Dijon* she hails the dawn of political liberty, and especially of religious liberty as exhibited in a tolerance of Protestantism, with fine, hearty enthusiasm, not with mere vague rhetoric, but with chapter and verse, and with pictures out of the time before the Bastile fell and the serf was still a reality. The Dijon story was the better novel ; but there is a particularly attractive idea at the bottom of this one, and the account of how liberty came to dwellers in remote country places turns over new pages of history for us. Two girls, a rich bourgeoise and her peasant foster-sister, leave the convent at Caen together, and hardly see each other again. But Airelle bears away great love and reverence for her clever, stimulating, great-souled friend, Charlotte, who is a Dream-Charlotte to her ever after, and whose influence on her opinions and modes of thought, never weakens. The peasant is a missionary in her far-away home in Le Rosel in the Bessin, speaking for liberty and tolerance, defending the new lights, always with gentle discretion, feeling all the while she is humbly imitating her friend. That friend we hardly see save through the mind of her little peasant school-mate, till suddenly we meet her on her way to Paris to avenge the wrongs of France by the death of Marat. It is a very clever and a very sympathetic way of introducing Charlotte Corday to us that Miss Betham-Edwards has chosen ; and the story, with all its painful scenes, its records of hopes dashed and broken, remains beautiful by reason of the idea on which it is raised. But though it has a love interest and all the other things that an orthodox novel demands, strictly speaking it is not a novel at all, but a good story, made by a very fresh, untired mind, a trifle too instructive—with youth, indeed, in its seriousness as well as in the quality of its enthusiasm.

THE OLD INFANT AND SIMILAR STORIES. By Will Carleton. New York : Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

These stories are not literature ; they are more like the thing we call journalism. There is no vigil, no artistry at work in them at all ; but an easy, slap-dash method. There is much vulgarity in the method, which does not stop at such expressions as " make an exhibit of himself" and " pretty middling well frightened." There is often vulgarity in the tone. " A Business Flirtation" is particularly objectionable. Still the stories are readable, as Will Carleton has always been readable, crude as his product is. His humour is his strong point ; and there is much of it at which the best of us may laugh. We recommend the opening description of the school-room in " The Old Infant ;" Miss Jareds, the New England chaperone in " Lost—Two Young Ladies," who had " more rectitude to the ounce than all

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the foreigners in the world ;" and the whole of "The One-Ring Circus" to those readers who want the best of it.

A WOMAN'S COURIER. By William Joseph Yeoman. New York : Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

This book calls for a little dissertation on the adventure novel rather than a detailed discussion of itself. How long, O syndicates and makers of the literary fashion-plates, are writers to trick themselves with no trouble at all in the literary gear of Mr. Stanley Weyman ? For the make-up of such a book as the present one and many others of its sort but one equipment seems necessary—Mr. Stanley Weyman, minus his clear-cut art, his delightful ingenuity, his felicity in character study. There are the proofs of a vigorous creative mind at work on its material ; but without such a creative stamp, what is the rest of the adventure novel worth ? One and twenty personal encounters lightly disposed of, one kidnap, one royal plot, a little external description of old London or old Paris (as it may happen), and one or two pretty girls to be rescued and serve for the introduction of some easily contrived sentiment. Well, what is the adventure novel for ? To stir our blood or to put us to sleep ? For books which call for so little exertion in the make-up are soporific. We only wish that all prospective writers of the adventure story would go hunting bears or join a fire brigade. Then we believe that their heroes would have fewer adventures to the duodecimo page, and that what adventures they should have would be more convincing.

ALL EXPENSES PAID. New York : Stone & Kimball. $1.00.

All Expenses Paid renews the pathos of a situation which the literary world has been too conscious of these last years when it has been hunting up a laureate. *All Expenses Paid* is about the minor poet as he has issued to us of late from "Bodley Heads." A liberal-minded butcher, ambitious to patronise poetry, decides to send all these gentlemen (including three ladies) to Mount Parnassus, there to drink inspiration for eternal things in art. The expedition is started under the leadership of Mr. William Butler Yeats and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, with Mr. William Watson and Mr. John Davidson for advance climbers up the sacred mount. But it so happens that the pilgrims are called up higher than their intention—to the Golden House of the Immortal Dead, where they are summoned before the tribunal of Shakespeare, Shelley, and, worst of all, the parodying harp of Apollo. What follows, perhaps for the sake of the minor poets, we won't let go any farther than the skit. The anonymous author of it hopes that none of them will be offended by his frolic. We sincerely hope that this will be the case. There is probably no doubt that he has furnished amusement for the literary set who knows all the gossip of "Bodley Head." But for reaching them a private circulation of his book would have seemed sufficient.

THE VANISHED EMPEROR. By Percy Andreae. Chicago and New York : Rand, McNally & Company. $1.00.

It seems scarcely necessary for the author to explain, as he does in the preface, that the "Emperor Willibald" of his romance is the Emperor William of Germany ; that "Prince Ottomarck" is Prince Otto von Bismarck, and so on. A casual acquaintance with the names and the events of the Kaiser's reign must have made the identification ; and there are few newspaper readers who would not have recognised in the strained relations between the Emperor Willibald and his sister, the Princess Margaret, which furnishes the central motive of the story, an imperial quarrel that has long been a public scandal in Berlin.

But, notwithstanding its basis on fact, and the spicy nature of the truth upon which it is built, the story is dull, unreal, and far-fetched. Its people—even the Emperor William the Sudden, whom it is difficult to hold down to the level of the commonplace, either in life or in fiction—are tiresome puppets, and its manner is so antiquated, so remote from the literary ideals and methods of today, that it might have been modelled on Miss Mühlbach. We should judge from the promise in the author's capital first story, *Stanhope of Chester*, that he can do far better work than this. *The Vanished Emperor* is altogether unworthy of Mr. Andreae, and we hope he will soon make another effort to redeem his reputation as a good story-teller.

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CHECKERS: A HARD-LUCK STORY. By Henry M. Blossom. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.

Checkers has the positive disadvantage of being written, for the most part, in a dialect which, to this reviewer, is a tongue, unknown and unknowable. We have overvalued our powers, perhaps, in this matter of dialect, and have taken a sinful pride in reading alike the Creole *patois* of Cable, the Scotch of Maclaren, and the Lancashire of Mrs. Burnett with our feet on the fender; but the racing slang of Chicago, as "Checkers" himself would say, "knocks us silly." But in spite of this drawback, and the further demerit that he is not the immortal Mr. Jack Hamlin, "Checkers" is a not unattractive personality; and the record of his adventures, though nowhere touching a very high literary level, is quite readable.

A LOVER IN HOMESPUN. By F. Clifford Smith. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus. 75 cts.

Two things go to the manufacture of the successful short story—a strong *motif* and an adequate grasp and treatment of the same by the story-teller. The tales in the volume under consideration, which are located chiefly in Canada, have the first of these requisites, in some cases to a very marked degree; no artist need desire a better subject than is found in "The Faith that Removes Mountains" or "Le Loup-Garou." The last named is perhaps the best story in the volume, though the conclusion is paltry; but the other subject is mishandled to a very exasperating degree. There is, however, a note of youthfulness in the dedication that inspires one with hope that the author may do better next time.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

A CYCLE OF CATHAY. By M. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. $2.00.

Anything new about China seems particularly acceptable just at this time, and Dr. Martin's work comes informed with unusual authority, on account of his superior knowledge of the country and the people. As the president of the Imperial Tungwen College, Peking, he has enjoyed opportunities of observation such as are possible only to one in high official position in China; and he has written the result of this intimate acquaintance in a most agreeable manner. Odd, out-of-the-way things and incidents revealing the inner life of the natives, to which foreigners rarely have access, make up the unique charm of the book, and comprise, in fact, the larger part of it; but great national events, like the Taiping Rebellion and the "Arrow" War, are also fully and interestingly treated. The author relates, indeed, several personal experiences of his own in connection with the rebellion that do more to realise the situation than any amount of mere description. "My attempt," says Dr. Martin, "to reach the rebel headquarters was certainly foolhardy, and well it was that it failed. There are few men who have not reason, if they but knew it, to thank God for failure as well as for success." As has been said, however, the bulk of the work is the narration of those things in which the author was most closely concerned, especially such matters as related to missions in China, and affairs touching the college. Yet there is nothing sectarian or dry, and the simplicity and freedom with which the author rambles from one theme to another, unconsciously revealing much shrewdness of observation and a large fund of kindly humour, render the work eminently readable. It should be added that the book is artistically bound, having the cycle of Cathay on the cover in brilliant colours; that the paper and print are fine, and that there are many handsome illustrations, which enhance the attractiveness of the volume.

FROM CAIRO TO THE SOUDAN FRONTIER. By H. D. Traill. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.50.

It is rather surprising that the articles comprising this book originally ap-

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peared in a newspaper, for the work apparently lacks every element of journalistic requirement. It is almost always in the abstract and never in the concrete, and it sees everything vaguely, from a far-off point of view. And this seems to be mainly the cause of the feeling of dissatisfaction that the book creates. The readers of works of travel usually want facts—as freshly and as entertainingly presented as possible, but still facts, clear, distinct, and precise—not hazy generalities. There are facts enough in this work, and some of them will be comparatively new to American readers, as in the author's description of that "Wonderful Ditch," the Suez Canal; but when, on the heels of some interesting information, he says something about "Charon pulling a boat-load of strengthless shades," fact and fancy become somewhat mixed, and the whole work assumes an aspect of unreality. The last part of the book, especially that which describes "A Khedivial Progress," is more direct and forcible than perhaps any other, and the portrayal of the vast, silent multitude through which the Khedive rides is a vivid bit of descriptive writing that takes hold on the imagination. It should be said that there is much grace in the style of the work, and a good deal of freshness throughout.

THE EXPLORATION OF THE CAUCASUS. By Douglas W. Freshfield, with illustrations by Victorio Sella. London and New York: Edward Arnold. Two volumes. Price, $20.00.

There has been a number of interesting and valuable volumes written by explorers and travellers who have visited the great range of mountains known as the Caucasus, but the present stupendous work overtops them all. We can easily believe that, in spite of its high price, there has been quite a run on the book, and the edition sent to America has proved all too inadequate for the demand which set in for it as soon as it was published. But to speak of it as being high priced is to use a relative term, for it needs but a glance at the work to satisfy the most *dilettante* with its appetising narrative and great profusion of illustrations. The illustrations are the main feature of the work. We understand that Mr. Freshfield, who was lately president of the Alpine Club and formerly honorary secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, felt so dissatisfied with the reproduction of pictures usually published in such books that he spared no expense or labour in order to achieve the best possible execution in the reproduction and printing of his photographs. The result is one of the most beautiful and perfectly astonishing set of illustrations which has ever been presented to the public in a work of this character. Beside the illustrations in the text and the maps there are seventy-six full-page illustrations done in photogravure. The book is handsomely bound and printed on fine paper with deckel edges. There is also a large-paper edition published in England; but the demand there has been so great that it has been impossible as yet to secure any copies for America. Mr. Freshfield has produced a work which will undoubtedly be classic in its field, and Mr. Arnold, the publisher, deserves his due meed for the triumph of book-making which he has attained.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF VENICE. By Laurence Hutton. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00.

An article printed in the July *Harper's* has now been enlarged and published as the present volume. Mr. Hutton tells us that he finds Venice particularly poor in guide-books, and especially in guide-books which give the traveller the literary landmarks of the place. He says:

> "They give us no hint as to where Sir Walter Scott lodged or where Rogers breakfasted, or what was done here by the many English-speaking men of letters who have made Venice known to us, and properly understood. Upon these chiefly it is my purpose to dwell."

After this it is a little disappointing to find out that Mr. Hutton himself cannot tell us where Sir Walter lodged. To say truly there is a good deal of negative information in this book, which tells us, like the artist's substitution for "Goethe wohnte hier" (a story here quoted), "Goethe weren't here." But that is only because Mr. Hutton is veracious, and will have a scientific guide-book. When he cannot tell us where authors lodged in Venice, he at least tells us what they said about Venice, and enlivens dreary guide-book literature with pleasant pieces of humour. What he tells us of a little private chapel

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in the Rezzonico Palace, restored by Browning and dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Browning, is very provoking to the curiosity.

"It is plainly visible from the larger and the smaller canal; but it was not intended for the world to see, and what is its nature, and what its contents, I have no right yet, and no wish here, to disclose."

If any one has a literary shrine to visit in Venice, we recommend him to Mr. Hutton's trustworthy little volume.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER. By Carolyus Ager. San Francisco: William Doxey. $1.50.

In turning the leaves of this little volume, tastefully bound in green and silver, one feels as though he were reading impromptu lines written by one friend to another, without thought of outsiders or fear of the critics. There is something disarming in the very look of the work aside from the introductory verses:

"This little book may perhaps be dear
To some who tenderly recall
The Stanford grapes and the Mayfield beer,
And the girls of Roble Hall."

Thus making no claim beyond the appeal to the student's love for his college, the work is just what it purports to be, a collection of rhymes from the publications of Stanford University. Most of the verses are therefore such as the average schoolboy writes:

"We'll go down the road to the little Vendome,
When the stars are shining bright,
And we'll fill up our glasses and never go home
Through all the livelong night;
We'll drink, drink, drink, with laughter free,
A toast to our University."

But there are touches here and there of a finer literary and lyrical quality, as in the poem beginning:

"I opened my window at sunset,
And close to the sill I stood.
In the shadowy grass each poppy
Had put on a pointed hood,
And over me far I saw the star
That comes with the sleep of things;
The last bird dreamed in her hidden nest,
Yet I heard the sound of wings."

Among the more notable verses are those to Leland Stanford, ending:

"More than a granite tomb the monument
That ever stands to thee,
The gratitude of our great continent
Thine immortality."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Three books of travel and research come to us from the press of Mr. Edward Arnold, of London and New York. *Persia Revisited* (1895) is so recent as to include two chapters on the assassination of the Shah, Nasr-ed-Din, and on the present situation in Persia. The author, General Sir Thomas E. Gordon, sets down clearly and succinctly the results of his observations and experience, gathered from two journeys which he made to Tehran, the last in 1895. Most of the illustrations are from native photographs. (Price, $3.00.) *Through the Sub-Arctic Forest*, by Warburton Pike (price, $4.00), will appeal more to the sportsman and man of the woods. It is a rough but graphic and quietly interesting description of a canoe journey through the little-known tracts of country adjacent to the northern waterways of the Dominion of Canada. It contains a number of illustrations and maps. In *The Cruise of the Antarctic*, by H. J. Bull, we have the narrative of a voyage to the southern polar regions in 1894–95, which is readable and not seldom entertaining. It is also illustrated. (Price, $1.50.) Messrs. John D. Wattles and Company, of Philadelphia, have made a book out of the very interesting and valuable series of articles on *Recent Research in Bible Lands*, which were contributed by leading specialists to the pages of the *Sunday-School Times*. The work is intended to fill a serious gap in the literature of the subject, and both in the matter of illustration and text the editor, Mr. H. V. Hilprecht, has spared no pains in conjunction with the publishers to make it complete and thorough in its resources for the student and the layman alike. For example, "Research in Egypt" is from the pen of the eminent Egyptologist, Professor A. H. Sayce; "Explorations in Babylonia" is the fruit of the editor's long and careful observation and research; and "New Light on the Book of the Acts" comes from no less a biblical scholar than Professor W. M. Ramsay, whose recent book on *Paul the Traveller* vouches for his authority in this particular field.

We welcome a popular edition of the sea yarns of Herman Melville, now issuing from the press of the American Publishers' Corporation. Already *Typee* and

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Omoo, a sequel to *Typee*, have made their appearance (price, in cloth, $1.00 ; paper, 50 cents ; illustrated), and his other stories, comprising *Moby Dick* and *The White Jacket*, will be out when this is before our readers. No more famous romancer of the southern seas ever spun a yarn ; not even Louis Becke has done anything better than *Typee* and *Omoo*. Herman Melville led a wandering, nomadic life ; now before the mast, now among savages, and again in the mazes of the forest, until he was captured by the daughter of a chief justice in Boston, and became domesticated. Here, however, the habits of a lifetime asserted themselves, and had to find vent in some form of action. It was then he began to put those marvellous adventures of his into print, and the world is the richer for his stories, classic in their field. Books appear with such rapidity that the best of romancers are apt to be forgotten, "charm they never so wisely ;" but Herman Melville deserves a better fate, and the reader of his tales will thank us for calling their attention to "Melville *redivivus*." The same firm have issued a number of books for light summer reading, some of them reprints of stories, all good in their way—namely, *The Duchess of Powsyland*, by Grant Allen ; *A Debt of Honour*, by Mabel Collins ; *Sunset Pass*, by Captain Charles King ; *As the Wind Blows*, by Eleanor Merion ; and *Eunice Quince*, by Dave Conyngham.

Several interesting additions have been made to the various excellent series which the Macmillan Company have in hand. Captain Marryat's *Mr. Midshipman Easy* makes the fourth volume of that famous story-teller included in their Illustrated Standard Novels. It would seem as if there was an increased interest in Marryat lately ; certainly he does not suffer for lack of enterprise on the part of the publishers. *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, as Mr. Hannay tells us in his amiable introduction, is the most gay of Marryat's stories. For pure fun and merriment it would be hard to match it. Certain of his stories are already on the way to oblivion ; but *Mr. Midshipman Easy* has always been a favourite, and will be read for a long time to come because of its fun, its characters, whom we do not readily forget, and its excellent scenes of war and adventure. (Price, $1.50.) Two more volumes of Balzac make their appearance in the Dent edition which the Macmillan company are issuing here ; the titles are *The Rise and Fall of César Birotteau* and *Modeste Mignon*. Mr. George Saintsbury sustains his reputation as a sane and sapient editor of the series, and his unfailing good sense and geniality do much to give the reader an impetus, if he need one, toward the book in hand. (Price, $1.50 per volume.) In the very dainty and beautiful authorised edition of Alphonse Daudet's works being issued by this firm, the delightful *Thirty Years of Paris* and the *Recollections of a Literary Man* have just been issued. Lovers of Daudet will do well to invest in these books. They are prettily gotten up, and the numerous illustrations by French artists add to their artistic beauty. (Price, $1.00 per volume.) The perennial charm of Chaucer for men of letters is being constantly evinced in the number of books appearing under his name. *The Riches of Chaucer* (price, $2.00), by Charles Cowden Clarke, has just been reissued in a fourth edition by the Macmillan Company. This is especially a capital volume to put into the hands of young readers, to whom it is chiefly addressed. To quote the title-page in this book, "his impurities have been expunged, his spelling modernised, his rhythm accentuated, and his obsolete terms explained." Notes are added, a new memoir of the poet is given, and a finely engraved portrait of Chaucer serves as a frontispiece.

The little library of *Stories by English Authors* being published by the Messrs. Scribner has received a further contribution of two volumes, one a selection of stories about "the sea," in which we are surprised not to find "Q" represented ; and the other labelled "Germany, etc.," in which we are delighted to find Miss Beatrice Harraden's "The Bird on its Journey." (Price, 75 cents per volume.)——At the present time, when the varied phenomena of electricity are absorbing so much inquiry and investigation, such a popular exposition as Professor Trowbridge has given in his lectures, published under the title *What is Electricity?* must be regarded as of great educational value. The book is issued in the Messrs. Appleton's International Science Series, which is primarily addressed to the needs of the general reader. The present work in

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every way sustains the high reputation which the volumes of this series have gained, in the main, for thoroughness of execution, original research, based on scientific methods and popular presentation in their treatment of the special subjects under investigation. (Price, $1.50.)——A very good translation of Maurus Jókai's strange and mystic work of fiction, *Black Diamonds*, by Frances A. Gerard, is the latest volume to be published in the Messrs. Harper's Odd Number Series. (Price, $1.50.)——Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company add a new volume of biography to their series of American Statesmen, the subject being *William Henry Seward* (1801–72), by Thornton Kirkland Lothrop. The series is admirably edited by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., and the present volume forms an able essay on the life of the famous statesman and a worthy contribution to this library of biography. (Price, $1.25.)

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have brought their excellent subscription edition of Charles Lever's novels to a close with the following works: *Sir Brook Fosbrooke; Paul Goslett's Confessions in Love, Law, and Physic; The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly; That Boy of Norcott's; A Rent in the Cloud*, and *Lord Kilgobbin: A Tale of Ireland in Our own Time*. It has been a creditable undertaking, and one that will strengthen the reputation which this reliable Boston house has long held for producing the works of standard authors in a substantial and handsome form fit to grace any library, public or private. (Price, $2.50 per volume.) The beautiful edition of Captain Marryat's novels which the same firm is publishing has been further augmented by the issue of *The King's Own* and *The Pirate* in two volumes. (Price, $3.50 per volume.) *The King's Own* was Henry Kingsley's favourite—"his noblest novel," he called it. A pathetic interest is attached to it from the fact that the hero was partially drawn from Marryat's second and favourite son, William, who died at the age of seven; and the description of his appearance in the second chapter is believed to be very exact. The foregoing collocation of the names of the two chief naval and military novelists of England calls to mind what George Saintsbury has said of them. "If affection and frequent reading count for anything," he says, "it is not certain that some technically much greater names might not shine with less lustre than those of Marryat and Lever." And especially of Marryat, he avers that "the spirit and humour of the best of his books throughout, and the best parts of the others, are unmistakable and unsurpassed."

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, September 1, 1896.

Business for the past month has, on the whole, been light, but normal, August being considered the dullest month in the year in the book trade. Quite a number of the early buyers for the autumn season have been in the city, especially from the Southern States; their purchases compare favourably with those of previous years.

The leading features so far offered are the various lines of sixteenmos and twelvemos. These are unusually attractive in binding and general finish, and are marvels of cheapness. There is also a large assortment of juvenile board and colour books, and the customary stocks of cheap sets, booklets, and calendars. The more substantial and expensive works are not yet ready, but will be shown shortly.

During the latter part of the month the sales of text-books began, although the season is unusually late. The early orders are mostly confined to books of a primary character, the demand for higher grades not being received until the opening of the colleges in the latter part of September.

The call for books and pamphlets on the silver question continues unabated, and in this connection may be mentioned the preparation and distribution to the trade of the bulletins of The Baker and Taylor Company and Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, containing the titles of a large number of publications on both sides of the issue. The most popular works relating to the money question continue to be *Coin's Financial School*, by W. H. Harvey; *Money and Banking*, by Horace White; and *International Bimetallism*, by Francis A. Walker.

Fiction, of course, sustains its importance in the sales of the month. There has been an increased demand for *Tom Grogan* and *A Singular Life*, while *The Damnation of Theron Ware* is steadily called for. The stories of Marie Corelli, especially *Barabbas*, are still among the leaders.

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The principal publications of the month include *March Hares*, by Harold Frederic; *Black Diamonds*, a translation from Maurus Jokai, and *Without Sin*, by M. J. Pritchard, the last mentioned being especially in demand.

A number of new cloth-bound juveniles have already made their appearance, including such authors as Hezekiah Butterworth, W. O. Stoddard, and Thomas W. Knox, and cheaper editions have also been made of the last author's ever-popular *The Boys of '76* and *Building the Nation*.

By September 1st the summer trade in paper-bound books is practically over. This year's business in this commodity has been unusually light, partly on account of the lack of good titles and because of the numerous sixteenmo cloth books at prices very little in advance of paper ones.

The announcements of early autumn publications are now being made, and are exceedingly attractive and inviting. Reports of dull trade still continue, and for the present buyers are using considerable caution and limiting their orders. The attractive lists of the publishers and the efforts they are making to push them should, however, insure a good business when trade becomes more settled after the election. The popular books of the month, as indicated by their sales, are as follows:

Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. Paper, 25 cts.

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

Tom Grogan. By F Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

Money and Banking. By Horace White. $1.50.

The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

The Truth-Tellers. By John Strange Winter. Paper, 50 cts.

International Bimetallism. By Francis A. Walker. $1.25.

Black Diamonds. By Maurus Jokai. $1.50.

Madelon. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.25.

Without Sin. By M. J. Pritchard. $1.25.

Checkers. By H. M. Blossoms, Jr. $1.25.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, September 1, 1896.

Business is still quiet, and the near approach of the opening of the autumn season is not, as is usually the case, heralded with signs of increasing activity. A lack of confidence and a feeling of apprehension are painfully apparent among business men everywhere, and until it is demonstrated beyond doubt which way the election will turn, it seems useless to hope for a better state of things. Judging from the present outlook it appears practically certain that trade will be slow until the political atmosphere clears somewhat. It is more than likely that we shall have a good holiday trade.

In one way the bookseller is deriving not a little benefit from these times, and that is in the sale of literature dealing with the disputed questions which are disturbing men's minds to-day. Probably never before in the history of the country has such a heavy demand been encountered for political books. The call for works on the money question alone is simply enormous, and both publishers and booksellers find it well-nigh impossible to keep up with it, an ordinary edition of a standard book being exhausted almost as soon as it is off the presses.

The last two or three years have given us several different editions of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, all of which were successful in their sales, so popular has the work become. There appears to be room for others, however, for two or three more are promised for the autumn, and we have just received what appears to be the *ne plus ultra* of editions, so far as text is concerned, in the work just issued in two volumes by the Joseph Knight Co. It will assuredly find a ready sale.

Publishers are not now issuing much, and August was marked by a dearth of good new books, scarcely anything appearing that is likely to take a leading place among the popular books of the day. *March Hares*, by Harold Frederic, is about the only work that is meeting with a demand worth speaking of, and even that is starting off so slowly that it is evident the sale will fall a long way short of that which is being accorded to his popular *Damnation of Theron Ware*.

The season's announcements are unusually rich in important novels. Nearly every one of the fashionable writers have one or more on the lists, and with new books by Ian Maclaren, J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Conan Doyle, Mrs. Humphry Ward, George Du Maurier, Rudyard Kipling, Stephen Crane, Mrs. Phelps-Ward, and many others too numerous to mention, the trade will have no reason to complain of lack of material to do business with.

Although so many of the best selling books of the day are written by foreign authors, and most of the phenomenal successes of the past year have come to us from abroad, it is gratifying to learn from recent statistics that the consumption of the home product so to speak is increasing all the time, and the leading American authors speak to a larger audience with each successive book. A striking point of difference between the sales and quality of a fashionable foreign author's books, and those of a similarly favoured native, is apparent; while the former usually achieves favour immediately, owing to the success, oftentimes unexpected, of previous works, and then gradually, as other works appear, recedes into mediocrity, the latter usually meets with but moderate success at first, and improves his position as time goes on. In other words, the one seems to start at the bottom of the ladder of success and climbs up, while the other starts at the top and climbs down.

The new edition of Gibson's *Sharp Eyes* and F. S. Mathews' *Familiar Trees and their Leaves* are welcome additions to the class of literature they represent. The demand is growing all the time for books of this kind.

Apart from the call for financial literature, the month was almost without a feature, the popular novels, such as *A Singular Life*, *An Army Wife*, *The Seats of the Mighty*, *Tom Grogan*, *Summer in Arcady*, etc., sold fairly well, while a more than

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average call was made for the successful books in other lines, such as *Menticulture*, *Holmes' Life and Letters*, *The Mind of the Master*, and *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*.

The following books sold best during the month:

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.
A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.
An Army Wife. By Captain King. $1.25.
Money and Banking. By Horace White. Cloth, $1.50; paper, 50 cts.
A Lady of Quality. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. $1.50.
Menticulture; or, the A B C of True Living. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
International Bimetallism. By Francis A. Walker. $1.25.
Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson Jay Hudson. $1.50.
Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
A Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. $1.25.
The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. $1 00.
The Under Side of Things. By Lilian Bell. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, July 20 to August 22, 1896.

The period indicated above, always a quiet one, has this year proved no exception. It is scarcely to be expected that the public will devote itself to anything approaching serious reading, with unbroken sunshine to woo them out of doors. The 6s. novels have proved the booksellers' friend at this juncture, as they have been selling very well indeed. Trade with foreign countries and the colonies has been satisfactory.

Miss Braddon has joined the ranks of the 6s. novelists and announces her new work, *London Pride*, for publication in this form in October. A colonial edition is also to be issued. The cheap edition of this popular author's *Sons of Fire* has been and still is in great favour.

Bicycling literature is well to the fore, especially works dealing with cycling for ladies.

The various branches of natural history, such as butterfly and egg collecting, are being ardently studied, to judge from the demand for such books as Kearton's *Birds' Eggs*, Gordon's *Our Country's Birds* and *Our Country's Butterflies and Moths*, and similar publications. With "all the world" holiday-making, the sale of Murray's, Baedeker's, and Black's Guides can easily be understood. There is also considerable enquiry for guides locally published.

Among magazines, the reduction of *Pall Mall Magazine* to 1s. net (the original price was 1s. 6d.) is noticeable. How this publication, as well as *Pearson's* and the *Strand Magazine*, can be produced at their respective prices is a wonder indeed. *Chambers' Journal* is as much appreciated as ever, all rivals notwithstanding. *Harper's* and the *New Review* are also very popular.

Considerable interest is still shown in works dealing with South Africa, both its products and its history. A large number of copies of the *Downfall of Prempeh* have been sold.

Short stories are again in favour to some extent. Several well known authors, including Marie Corelli and S. Baring Gould, have contributed a volume of this nature.

There has been quite a run on Williams' *Made in Germany*, a book dealing with the serious side of the question. It is obviously a work which is of interest to almost everybody in the country.

Technical works on nautical subjects, noticeably the volumes of Griffin's *Nautical Handbooks*, are meeting with a good sale.

The 6s. novel still reigns supreme. Henry Seton Merriman appears to be the favourite writer of fiction at the moment of writing.

The list appended gives a fair idea of the public taste of the moment. It shows variety and also continued appreciation of the leading works of fiction, which have already figured in this category. The order of the titles is of no significance.

The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
Without Sin. By H. S. Pritchard. 6s.
Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.
The Seats of the Mighty. By G. Parker. 6s.
An Amazing Marriage. By G. Meredith. 6s.
Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
Flotsam. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
Fellow Travellers. By the author of *Mona Maclean*. 6s.
His Honor and a Lady. By S. J. Duncan. 6s.
Her Point of View. By G. M. Robins. 6s.
The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s.
Kokoro. By L. Hearn. 5s.
The Ascent of Woman. By R. Devereux. 3s. 6d net.
W. V.: Her Book and Various Verses. By W. Canton. 3s 6d. net.
In Scarlet and Grey. By F. Henniker. 3s. 6d. net.
Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
The Reds of the Midi. By F. Gras. 3s. 6d.
Made in Germany. By E. E. Williams. 3s 6d.
Boer and Uitlander. By W. F. Regan. 3s. 6d.
March Hares. By G. Forth 3s 6d. net.
The Mind of the Master. By John Watson. 6s.
Li Lung Chang. By R. R. Douglas. 3s. 6d.
The Scenery of Switzerland. By Sir J. Lubbock. 6s.
Know your Own Ship. By T. Walton.
Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum. By R. R. Dolling. 6s.
Life of Peter Mackenzie. By J. Dawson. 3s. 6d.
Animals at Work and Play. By C. J. Cornish. 6s.
The Downfall of Prempeh. By R. B. Powell. 10s. 6d.
The Creed of the Christian. By C. Gore. 1s. 6d.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between August 1 and September 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Publishing Co.)
2. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton.)
5. Denounced. By Burton. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Joan of Arc. By Twain. $2.50. (Harper.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
2. From Whose Bourne. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
3. 'Twixt Cupid and Crœsus. By Didier. $1.50. (American News Co.)
4. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason. By Post. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts. (Putnam.)
6. Heather from the Brae. By Lyall. 75 cts. (Revell.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1 25. (Houghton.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. Wise Woman. By Burham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (H. S. Stone & Co.)
4. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Unclassed. By Gissing. Paper, 50 cts. (Fenno & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Yankees of the East. By Curtis. 2 vols., $4.00. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Under Side of Things. By Bell. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Babe, B. A. By Benson. $1.00. (Putnam.)
5. An Outcast of the Islands. By Conrad. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Without Sin. By Pritchard. $1.25. (Stone.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. An Army Wife. By Captain King. $1.25. (Neely.)
4. Menticulture. By Fletcher. $1.00. (McClurg.)
5. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Money and Banking. By White. 50 cts. and $1.50. (Ginn.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
2. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Etidorhpa. By Lloyd. $2.00. (Clarke.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Cinderella. By Davis. $1.00. Scribner.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
2. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Facts about Money. By Laughlin. 50 cts. (Weeks.)
5. Money and Banking. By White. Cloth, $1 50; paper, 50 cts. (Ginn & Co.)
6. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
2. Crimson Sign. By Keightley. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. The Cavaliers. By Keightley. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Silk of the Kine. By McManus. $1.00. (Harper.)
6. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
4. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Rome. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
3. Under Side of Things. By Bell. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. 25 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. The Babe. By Benson. $1.00. (Putnam.)
6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Cameos. By Corelli. $1.00. (Hutchinson.)
3. The Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. A. J. Gordon. By Gordon. $1.50. (Revell.)
5. The King's Revenge. By Bray. $1.25. (Clark.
6. The Christ of To-day. By Gordon. $1.50. (Houghton)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
3. An Adventurer of the North. By Parker. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Coin Catechism. By Upton. 25 cts. (Werner.)
5. Titus. By Kingsley. 5 cts. (Cook.)
6. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Cavaliers. By Keightley. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. Crimson Sign. By Keightley. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Mrs. Gerald. By Pool. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Joan of Arc. By Twain. $2.50. (Harper.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)
2. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. White Aprons. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Hon. Peter Sterling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
6. Under Side of Things. By Bell. $1.25. (Harper.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Holmes's Life and Letters. By Morse. $4 00. (Houghton.)
4. An Adventurer of the North. By Parker. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
4. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton)
5. Books on Mining.
6. Books on Finance.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Money and Banking. By White. 50 cts. (Ginn.)
2. Battle of the Standards. By Teller. 25 cts. (Schulte.)
3. Money and Prices. By Schoenhoff. $1.50. (Putnam.)
4. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1 50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. $1 50. (Appleton.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone & Co.)
2. Black Diamonds. By Jokai. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Babe, B.A. By Benson. $1.00. (Putnam.)

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5. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton.)
6. Master Craftsman. By Besant. $1.50. (Stokes.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1 50. (Appleton.)
3. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (H. S. Stone & Co)
4. Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
5. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. Mistress Dorothy Marvin. By Snaith. $1.00. (Appleton)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
2. Money and Banking. By White. $1.50. (Ginn.)
3. Daughter of a Stoic. By Pratt. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Joan of Arc. By Twain. $2.50. (Harper.)
6. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50 (Stone & Kimball.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. Cloth, $1.50; paper, 75 cts. (Copp-Clark Co.)
2. Dr. Nikola. By Boothby. Cloth, $1.00 ; paper, 50 cts. (Copp Clark Co.)
3. The Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. Cloth, $1.25 ; paper, 75 cts. (Lippincott.)
4. The King's Revenge. By Bray. Cloth, 1.00 ; paper, 50 cts. (Copp Clark Co.)
5. Heart of the World. By Haggard. Cloth, $1.25 ; paper, 75 cts. (Longmans.)
6. The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. Cloth, $1.25 ; paper, 75 cts. (Lippincott.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Copp-Clark Co.*)
2. Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Dr. Nikola. By Boothby. 50 cts. and $1.00. (Copp-Clark Co.*)
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